

PORTRAITS OF THIRTEEN OF THE MORE PROMINENT LADIES IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES IN WASHINGTON.

CRIPPLE CREEK PICTURED BY A LADY RESIDENT.

"HOLD THE FORT!" BY CAPT. ADAMS, OF THE REGULAR ARMY,  
 the Officer Who Did the Signaling from Kenesaw Mountain.

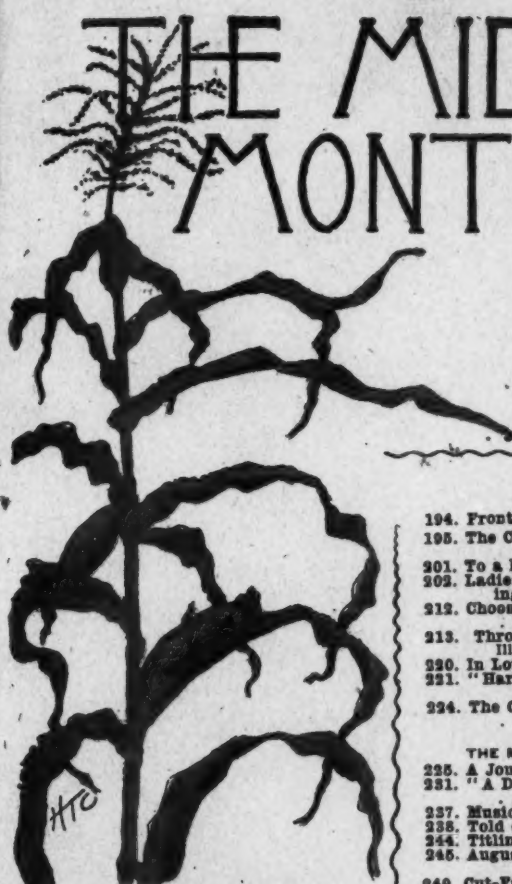
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No. 3.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
 DEVOTED TO  
 MIDLAND LIT-  
 ERATURE & ART



JOHNSON BRIGHAM  
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 IOWA:

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THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

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AGENTS WANTED.

1896

Some of the many Contributions booked for THE  
MIDLAND MONTHLY during the Year.

1896

THEME PAPERS.

How to Relieve the Poor and Prevent Poverty, Mrs. S. K. Terrill.  
The Real Author of "If I Should Die Tonight," Rev. Dr. W. W. Gist.  
A Study of Swinburne, Mrs. Lillian Monk.  
The Spirit of the Age, Alice Ilgenfritz Jones.  
Pioneer Banking in the Mississippi Valley, Hon. H. W. Lathrop.  
The Life Element in American Fiction, Kate Corkhill, Wesleyan University, Iowa.  
The Anglo-Saxon and Colonization, Welles G. Clark.  
Education and Marriage, Julia L. Morris.

The United States Labor Bureau, H. H. Dane.  
The Humor of Whittier, J. L. Pickard, ex-President Iowa State University.  
Woman, Emma Y. Ross.  
Some Elements in American Poetry, Caroline W. Sheldon.  
Denmark in America, Ed. S. White.  
Amana Society, Barthiniias L. Wick.  
The Woman Who Wants to Be a Man, Julia L. Morris.  
Home Themes, by a large number of MIDLAND contributors, in prose and verse.

DESCRIPTIVE PAPERS.

Among these are a number of "Midland War Sketches"—a feature of THE MIDLAND during the coming year—by F. M. Thompson, Colonel Charles A. Clark, Senator Brower, W. S. Moore, Louise Maertz (Hospital Nurse), Doctor J. A. Anderson, General R. W. Johnson and other well-known Army men.

A Pioneer Editor's Experience, Hon. John M. Brainerd.  
Building a House in Dakota, A. L. Cornwall.  
Some Recollections of General William Henry Harrison, Hon. T. S. Parvin.  
Puget Sound—The Angler's Paradise, Herbert Bashford.  
A Glimpse of Berlin, Adaliza Daniels.

The Home of the Duel, Professor Edward W. Rockwood, Iowa State University.  
Australian Aborigines, George W. Bell, U. S. Consul at Sydney, Australia.  
The Devil's Backbone, Samuel Calvin, Professor of Geology, State University.  
Gold Mines of the West, E. B. Cauthone.  
William M. Everts, Personal Recollections, by Hon. Henry O'Connor.  
Longfellow's Early Home, Fanny Kennish Earl.  
A Trip Across New Zealand, W. E. Glanville, Ph. D.  
Nooks and Corners of London, George Merriam Hyde.  
The First Banquet Ever Held in the Upper Mississippi Valley, Hon. T. S. Parvin.



## SPRING.

*"WHENCE came you, fair-haired Stranger? Whither bound?"  
She neither answers, nor yet turns aside!  
Upon Earth's breast, all bare and brown and wide,  
Her light feet, silence-sandaled, leave no wound.*



*But in her wake the timid grass-blades rise,  
And list'ning buds obey the South-Wind's call;  
A spirit of enchantment breathes on all  
The hosts of Nature 'neath blue, bending skies.*

*Then, if you question why the meadows ring  
With robin's chirp and bobolink's clear note,  
I'll answer that each swelling, feathered throat  
Is paying tribute to the Goddess, Spring.*

*Clara Adele Neidig.*



# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME V.

MARCH, 1896.

NUMBER 3.

## THE CRIPPLE CREEK BOOM.

BY CLARA H. HOLMES.

**C**RIPPLE CREEK is prettily situated.

The houses seem to nestle in the low-lying hills which surround them, like baby birds in the hollow of the nest. These same low hills form the outskirts of the town. Mt. Pisgah points sharply toward the sky a little to the northwest. Rhyolite, bold and rocky at the apex, as though wearing a frown because of the verdure at its base, is on the north. Bull Hill, memorable for its fort in the time of the miners' strike, is on the east. Twelve miles away stands snow-capped Pike's Peak, like a sturdy sentinel keeping guard over the lesser peaks.

Summer is very lazy in getting to Cripple Creek. In fact, the heralded Summer, when at last she arrives, proves to be only Summer's step-sister. There is a saying here that Cripple Creek has only three seasons,—July, August and winter.

About the middle of June, after the rainy season is over,—which, by the way, includes fully as much hail as rain,—the hills are beautiful,—so green, and apparently so undulating. The cottonwoods, with their daintily-colored summer dresses, mingle with the dark foliage of the red spruce and piñon, and the lighter shade of the silver birch, like patches of



From Photo taken in 1892.

CRIPPLE CREEK FOUR YEARS AGO,  
A Fourth of July Celebration.

light and shadow. The air is so sweet and wholesome that one inhales long, deep draughts for very delight of tasting it. In walking up these hills which, in the distance, look so gently undulating, the lungs need much more of this rarified air than they can hold, especially if the pedestrian be a "tenderfoot."

I came to this valley among the mountains in June, 1892. There were, at that time, perhaps a score of cabins and probably twice as many tents. The only mode of travel then was by the old Concord coaches, which swung on their thorough-braces like a ship in a storm. There was at that time but one street settled up, Bennett Avenue by name. The Pullman palace car has pushed the poor old Concord coach over the edge of the mountain, electric lights throw their white glare over the steep streets, and pretentious store-fronts flaunt their tempting wares in the eyes of the passers-by.

Things were very quiet here—not to say dull—until a little over a year ago. A few people had faith in the mines, and worked steadily; but very many were skeptical as to the stability of the camp, and freely predicted the bottom would fall out.

The miners' strike, with its accompanying tragedies, had left a feeling of depression. Men worked wearily. I used to see them coming home from the placers—very many of the mines having been closed down—with their dinner baskets and their pans for washing gold, and they dragged along in a discouraged sort of way.

Sometime in February, 1895, there was a little strike just below town; then there began to be rumors, faint at first, but growing louder as the time passed. Knots of men were seen to gather on the street, talking excitedly. Indeed, a suppressed excitement seemed to be in the very air. It was as though all were listening for—they knew not what.

In March following, the Anchoria-Leland made a strike on Gold Hill, which raised the murmur to a roar, as of the incoming surf. Men who had drooped despairingly, straightened up. "My claim" was mentioned with an air of pride, wherever it might happen to be situated.

Grimy prospectors packed their burros with grub-stake and blankets, and climbed the steep hills, whistling cheerily. Others throughout the long days worked at their prospect holes; one turning the



From Photo taken in 1893.

"PIONEERS" OF CRIPPLE CREEK.



CRIPPLE CREEK IN 1894.

"He at the windlass anxiously scanning every piece of rock."

windlass patiently—sheltered from the hot sun by a square of canvas stretched on four poles, these upheld by four forked sticks—while his "pard" dug the dirt and loaded the bucket in the bottom of the hole, he at the windlass anxiously scanning every piece of rock which looked as though it might carry "traces," always hoping to find the "lead," and that it might not prove to be just a "pocket," and then "peter out."

Little knots of men, standing on the street corners or gathered in front of a saloon, were passing pieces of rock from hand to hand that it might be examined with the magnifying-glass; and the terms "development," "true fissure," "granite," "quartz," "tellurium," etc., met the ear constantly.

About the first of October the actual boom commenced,—if that can be called a boom which is but the legitimate result of success. Strangers from all parts of the country flocked in. Many of them were without money. Many more were like Pat when he landed in this country. He saw a ten-cent piece lying on the sidewalk and, looking at it contemptuously, said:

"Bedad, I'll lave it alone; I'll be comin' to the dollars soon."

Real estate went up like a paper kite on a windy day. A man owning an inside lot was a well-to-do citizen, and the owner of a corner lot was the equal of a "bloated bond-holder." Mine brokers and real estate dealers flung out their signs in every other window.

After the Mining Exchange was established,—October 25, 1895, with Colonel Ed. F. Brown as president,—the excitement grew, not only in stocks and mining but in all lines of business. The streets thronged with people. The lobbies of the hotels were so crowded that there was not even standing room,—and there is no lessening of the crowd yet. The New Wolfe Hotel charges fifty cents a chair, and every seat is occupied.

The scene is a peculiar one. Everybody seems to be trying to make a deal with somebody else; everyone is brimful of business. There is none of the light chaffing, the lazy lounging, the restful nonchalance of the ordinary hotel lobby. Everyone has an object in view, and is using all his ability toward obtaining the desired end, be it to buy or sell, bond or lease.

The effect of the Mining Exchange upon business may be likened to a man who has always led a quiet life, going his way unobserved, no one especially noticing him, until one day he performs an act which brings him well before the public; after that all unite in extolling him. He is just the same man. So with these mines. They are just the same mines as before, but the Exchange has brought them conspicuously before the public.

Even the women of Cripple Creek have caught the fever and are saving their little earnings, or even borrowing money, to invest in mining stocks.

During "call" on Board, the scene is one of liveliest interest. That which strikes one most forcibly upon entering is the number of young men among the members,—some of them very young. All, whether young or old, have the same sharp, alert look. At the opening of the session the bidding is brisk, but as it approaches the last half-hour of the "call" it very much resembles yeast in a high state of fermentation. Each one is so anxious to see his particular stock put up, either to sell or to buy, and as the caller's big mallet comes down like the "crack of doom," and "Last call!" rings out in

resonant tones, an arm is thrust forward like an animated catapult, and the name of the next stock on sale is shrieked out by the owner of the arm. The bidding begins anew, going on faster and more furiously until a very babel of voices rises like deep-toned music with sharply accented notes here and there. Messenger boys duck nimbly between outstretched arms; telephones ring and mingle with the voices. The marker slides his silver-shod ladder back and forth before the blackboard, and outdoes with his crayon the lightning calculator in the dime museum.

In that hour and a half fortunes have changed hands. To-morrow the crisp pieces of paper, representing so much stock, will in all probability float into other hands.

At the first opening of the Exchange, seats sold to charter members for \$25; now the price is from \$250 to \$300. It was owing to Colonel Brown's report on the condition of the mines that the Midland Terminal Railroad was built.

There are not beds to lodge more than two-thirds of the people who come to the camp. And that reminds me of a question put to me by a man from Los Angeles.



"Grimy prospectors packed their burros with grub-stake and blankets."

"Why do you call this a camp?  
—this is a city."

Yes, it *is* a city, incorporated as such, with all the attributes of a city; and yet its peculiarities are those of a mining camp; its language is the language of the miner and the mine-owner. You can scarcely remain twenty minutes in any frequented mining place without hearing something about mining. Besides this, in calling the place a camp, not only Cripple Creek proper is meant, but its surroundings are included, and to see the hills, honeycombed with prospect holes, the shaft-houses, dumps and mining machinery everywhere, is to appreciate the aptness of the title.

As I was saying, lodging room is very insufficient. Men roll up in their blankets and sleep wherever they can get a place to lie down. There is an old lumber wagon back of our stable which, for the past three weeks, has been occupied as a parlor bedroom. The system of heating is not much to speak of, but I will vouch for the ventilation!

I had heard so much said about the way in which many were obliged to sleep that I determined to see and know the truth; so I asked a gentleman friend to accompany me. He called for me at four o'clock in the morning, and we made a tour of the principal saloons and gambling-houses. In the first place we entered I should judge there were thirty or more men sleeping, most of them on the bare floor, without a shred of covering over them, some lying on chairs, more sitting in the chairs sleeping; here and there one on the floor with a blanket under him, and one high-minded individual snoring on the top of a table. It was the same in every place we entered; they lay around like pins in a dish, all mixed up. Occasionally some one sleeping in a chair tumbled over, much to the amusement of his companions.

In one place the bartender told me that



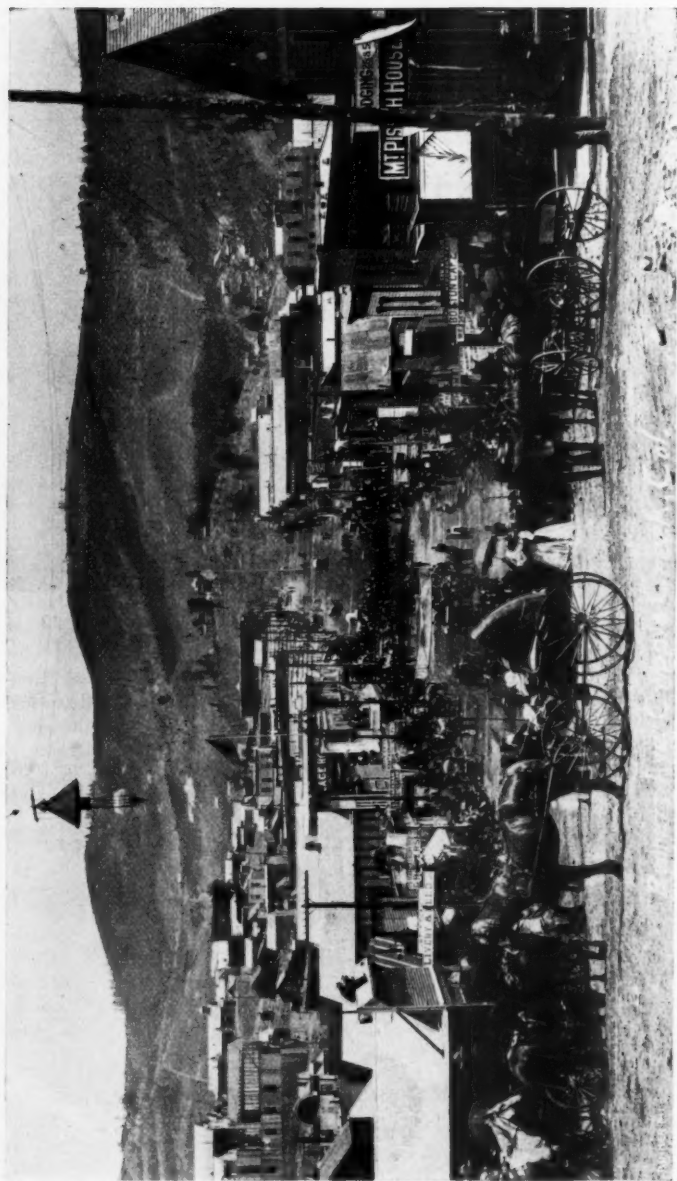
COLONEL ED. F. BROWN,  
President of the Cripple Creek Mining Exchange.

often one of these men would hand him from fifty to a hundred dollars, requesting him to take care of it until morning.

These men are not vagrants; they simply cannot get a bed in which to sleep. Money will not buy it, the town is so overcrowded.

Another place of interest is the telephone office,—I mean the long distance telephone. The operators look haggard and worn, and the ever-shifting crowd is vexed and impatient. Two months ago it was but a few minutes' wait until one could call up any point in the circuit and go his way rejoicing; now there are not half lines enough, and by the time you can get your talk you have learned at least one lesson—that of patience. Not very long ago I waited from eleven o'clock in the morning until seven-thirty in the evening before I could get the line and the person to whom I wished to talk.

The post-office at Cripple Creek, once a very tame affair, at present resembles



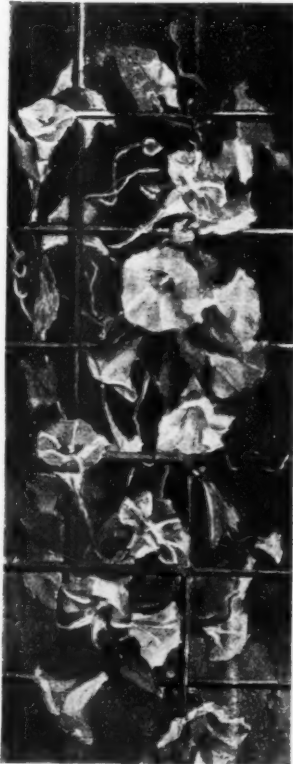
THE CRIPPLE CREEK OF TO-DAY.  
Scene on Bennett Avenue, the Main Thoroughfare of the City.



nothing so much as a boiling cauldron. About seven o'clock, when the evening mail is distributed, the cauldron reaches boiling point,—bubbling, spitting, frothing and running over. One hears loud laughter, low grumbling, all sorts of complaints—some of them very fervent. One encounters pushing, crowding, elbowing from two lines of men encircling the whole space in front of the delivery windows and the sidewalk in front of the building. A woman stands small chance of getting her mail in such a crowd. If a clerk is politely requested to give out magazines or papers, one is curtly answered,

"We have no time to give them to you now; come again." And you can go again, and again, with the same result. I say this not in a fault-finding spirit, but simply to show that the number of clerks in the Cripple Creek post-office is wholly inadequate to the amount of mail to be handled.

No person can predict where or how this boom will end. The excitement certainly continues to grow. Strangers from all parts continue to come in, sometimes whole droves of them, and everybody seems to enjoy the hurly-burly and the excitement; and in imagination every man is a millionaire.



### TO A MORNING GLORY.\*

*Thou fairy trumpet, herald of the morn,  
For elfin hands by cunning artist made,  
Thou wakest ere the shadows westward  
fade  
And restless night winds leave the rustling  
corn,  
Then steal'st the earliest sunbeams to adorn  
With changeful tapestry my window  
shade,  
While bees, those tireless huntsmen of  
the glade,  
With drowsy murmurs fill thy velvet horn.  
O, bees that murmur, tune my humble lyre  
And mingle true contentment with my  
rhyme!  
O, clinging blossoms, help me to aspire  
To nobler numbers and to lines sublime!  
O, feed my feeble lamp with heavenly fire  
And teach my earth-born spirit how to  
climb!*

Charles Fremont Gale.

\*This poem, by Mr. C. F. Gale, of Beatrice, Nebraska, was awarded the prize for the best original poem in THE MIDLAND'S January competition.



## LADIES OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS IN WASHINGTON.

By JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

**A**CCOMPLISHED, handsome and altogether charming are the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington, and we proudly claim many of them as natives of our own country.

There were no Ambassadors until April, 1893; now there are four, and many other changes have taken place. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, heads the list. Lady Pauncefote, a handsome, dignified woman, is a member of an old English family, the Cubbitts, many of whom have won high honors in the army. There are four daughters, Maud, Sybil, Lillian and Audrey. Only the eldest was out in society when they came here in 1889. The others came out as their education was finished, the youngest

being presented last season. The British government was the first to own its legation building,—a big, pleasant house on Connecticut Avenue which is very popular, especially with the young.

The handsome French Ambassador, M. Jules Patenotre, was for several seasons the target of admiring, girlish glances, to all of which he was quite impervious, and everybody admitted that he had good reason to be when, after his marriage with Miss Eleanor Louise Elverson, of Philadelphia, he brought his bride to Washington. She was almost a stranger here, though her father, Mr. James Elverson, of *Saturday Night*, the *Inquirer*, and other papers, had long owned Clifton, on Georgetown Heights,

one of the finest country homes in this vicinity. Most of her girlhood days were spent abroad in study. She speaks several languages fluently and is an accomplished musician, playing unusually well upon the harp and piano. She is tall and slender, with blue-gray eyes, exquisite complexion, pretty dimples, a lovely expression (which no photograph can quite catch), and pleasing, unaffected manners. She is charming, too, in her rôle of mamma to a pretty little daughter about nine months old. Her home, a historic old house on H Street, was for years the residence of the late Admiral Porter, and long before, the home of Lord Lyons, the British Minister who entertained the Prince of Wales when he visited this country. It now belongs to the French government; has been greatly improved and is filled with rare and beautiful souvenirs of the countries in which M. Patenotre has represented his government.



MADAME PATENOTRE.



BARONESS VON THIELMANN.

A good deal of time is spent at Clifton, especially in warm weather.

The Italian Ambassador, Baron Fava, came as Minister to this country in 1881. The Baroness is of a famous old family in Milan, and as a girl was a belle and a beauty. She is a handsome woman and very agreeable. She spends less time here, of late, than her large circle of friends could wish.

The wife of the German Ambassador, Baron von Thielmann, who has been here only a few months, is tall and fair, with hazel eyes, light brown hair and graceful bearing. She belongs to an old Saxon family, and was born and reared in Dresden. She speaks several languages—English unusually well; is accomplished in many ways, and is the devoted mother of two pretty, fair-haired little girls, Carola, about five years of age, and Hilda, three. The home of the Ambassador, owned by his government, is a large, handsome house on Massachusetts Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. A beautiful ball-room was added last year. To the handsome and massive furniture of the house the Ambassador and his wife have added many rare and beautiful things from their own home.

Senor Don Matias Romero, the able Minister from Mexico, and his charming

American wife, have been here about fourteen years. Every time there is a rumor that Mexico needs Senor Romero at home a wail goes up here, and the most genuine regret would be felt if this popular couple should be removed from Washington. Their spacious and handsome home, on I Street, was built by the Mexican government. It has been the scene of many brilliant functions. Not even the cabinet receptions are larger than those of Madame Romero. Miss Lucrecia Allen, of Philadelphia, was just out of school when she married Senor Romero and went with him to Mexico. She is of medium height, has blue eyes and brown hair, talks well in several languages, and has fine taste in dress.

The Turkish Minister, Mavroyeni Bey, prominent in all social affairs, is a bachelor. The only lady connected with the legation is Madame Norighian, wife of the first secretary. She was Mlle. Marie Sevastopoule, of an aristocratic Greek family, and was born in Constantinople. She is a tall, handsome brunette; is well educated, speaking Greek, Turkish, Armenian, French and English; dresses handsomely; is a model housekeeper and a favorite in society.

The Colombian Minister and Madame Hurtado are well liked here. Of late they have been absent much of the time. Madame Hurtado was born in Venice. With her black hair and dark eyes she looks



MADAME RENGIFO.



MADAME ROMERO.

like an Italian, but her parents were English. Her father, Sir William Perry, was for many years consul-general to Venice from England. Her mother was a sister of Lord Kingsale. Her only daughter, the Marquise Bentivoglio, was greatly admired when here several seasons ago.

During the Colombian Minister's absence the secretary, Senor Don Julio Rengifo, is *charge d'affaires*. He married, last November, Miss Regina Barbour, a daughter of the late James L. Barbour, of an old Maryland and Wash-

ington family. She was born in Washington and educated in Paris at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She speaks French fluently, and is bright and entertaining in conversation. She is of medium height, slender and fair, with golden hair and blue-gray eyes.

Another decidedly charming American is Madame de Mendonça, wife of the Minister from Brazil. She is handsome and accomplished; is generally thought to be a Spanish or French lady, and most persons are surprised to learn that she is a

native of Maine. She was Miss Maria Elisa Redman and several years ago married Senor Don de Mendonça, then consul-general to the United States, and a widower with one young son and four little daughters. The children are devoted to her. She dresses with exquisite taste, entertains charmingly, and finds time to read much, in spite of many duties and rather delicate health. The eldest daughter, a most amiable girl, died several years ago; the second married Mr. Arch-

ibald McBean, of Chicago, and two pretty young girls are still in the home on N and Eighteenth Streets, which is very handsome and contains a collection of rare paintings—among them several Old Masters. Mr. Mario de Mendonça, the son, added another comely member to this well-favored family by marrying, last June, Miss Charlotte Marian Rogers of Brooklyn.

The new Russian Minister, M. Paul Kotzebue, probably will not bring his



MADAME DE MENDONÇA.



MADAME NORIGHIAN.

family for some time. M. de Meck, the second secretary, is a new arrival. He has a pretty, young wife. She was Mlle. Olga Kiriacow, a cousin of Count Tolstoi, and was born in St. Petersburg. She is very musical; has composed for both voice and instrument; sings sweetly and plays upon the piano, guitar and mandolin. She speaks Russian, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and a little English. M. and Mme. de Meck have a pleasant furnished house on Q Street, to which they have brought many pretty things from their home in St. Petersburg.

One of the prettiest and brightest little women in Washington is Madame Marie Lazo Arriaga, wife of the Minister from Guatemala and Honduras. She has fine dark eyes, olive complexion, abundant black hair, the whitest of teeth, a sweet voice, and manners which win for her many friends. She was born in Cuba, which island she left when a small child, and was reared and educated in Europe

and New York. In the latter city she was married about ten years ago. She speaks Spanish, French and English, and can make herself understood in Italian and German. She is quite musical and is also clever at painting; very popular in society and a delightful hostess. She has four handsome sons—the youngest about eight months old—and a lovely little girl. She has a very pleasant home on Eighteenth Street, just above Dupont Circle.

When Senor de Gana came as Minister from Chile in June, 1893, it was for the second time, so that he and his wife were not strangers to Washington. Madame de Gana is a handsome woman of medium height and fine figure. She has large dark eyes, well defined brows, dark brown hair, and very engaging manners. She speaks English with a pretty accent, and dresses with much taste. She was Miss Margarita Edwards, of Santiago, where her father's father—an Englishman of good family—married and settled years ago. Her home on K Street, next door to Senator Sherman's, is handsomely furnished and made bright by a half-dozen



MADAME DE GANA.



MADAME DE MECK.

merry boys and girls, who are all musical. The eldest daughter, about sixteen, is fair and very pretty.

Madame Yang Yu, wife of the Chinese Minister, and a member of the reigning family, is a picturesque figure in society. The first Chinese lady to appear here in public, she naturally attracts a great deal

of attention. The staring and crowding must often be annoying, but she endures it all with well-bred composure. What she thinks of it she does not allow us to see. Her native costumes are of the richest materials and beautifully ornamented. She always wears a round cap with flowers on either side and long rib-





MADAME ARRIAGA.

bons falling behind. What little hair is left uncovered is very black, and glossy as silk. Her eyes are bright, intelligent and expressive, and her features good; but, to our American eyes, she uses too much red and white paint. She would be handsomer without it, and she, probably, thinks that American women would look better with paint. While her feet

are small, they are not unnaturally so, but allow her to walk with ease. She shakes hands cordially, and has considerable English at her command; but a clever interpreter, Mr. Sze, is always at hand to help her out. She has three "cute" and very wide-awake children.

The resignation of Dr. Horacio Guzman, Minister, for seven or eight years,





MADAME DE LOME.

from Nicaragua, leaves that country unrepresented here; but we do not lose him and his amiable wife, for he has resumed the practice of medicine, which he dropped for diplomacy. Mme. Guzman was Miss Maria Ewing of Philadelphia, and comes of good old Colonial stock, as the name implies. Her mother was Miss Charlotte Page of Virginia. Her father, Rev. Charles Ewing, was in temporary charge of a church in Baltimore when his daughter was born, but she always maintains that

those first few weeks of her life "don't count,"—that she is a Philadelphian and nothing else. She was very carefully educated, especially in music and languages; is a decided blonde with gold-brown eyes to match her hair, fine complexion and good figure. She is popular in society, an ideal hostess and model housekeeper.

Senor Jose Andrade, the Minister from Venezuela, who has been so much in the public eye of late, is a widower. He lives



BARONESS VON HEUGELMÜLLER.

in a large, pleasant home on Iowa Circle. He has two pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed daughters, Elisa and Teresa, to assist in his social duties.

The home of the Japanese Minister on N Street—owned by his government—has had several charming mistresses,—for they change their Ministers every three or four years. Mme. Tateno was sincerely regretted when she left, about eighteen months ago; but society, always willing to be consoled, has found her husband's successor, Mr. Shinichiro Kurino, interesting, and has greatly enjoyed several delightful entertainments which he has given with the assistance of prominent ladies.

The wife of Baron Heugelmüller-Heugear, the Minister from Austria-Hungary, was the Countess Dunin Barkowska, of a distinguished Polish family. She was educated in Paris and, at the age of seventeen, married Count Tasanowski of Russia. Five years later she became a widow. Two years ago she married her present husband, and last year she came with him to this country. She is tall and superbly formed, with fine complexion,

dark blue eyes and wavy brown hair. She speaks Polish, Russian, French, German and English,—the last remarkably well considering how short a time she has been among English speaking people. She is a brilliant musician, quite a clever artist, and very entertaining in conversation. The Austrian government has lately purchased a home for its Minister, a fine large house on Connecticut Avenue, opposite the British embassy. The Baron and Baroness have traveled much in this country, and expect to spend part of this winter on the Pacific Coast.

The Swiss Minister, Mr. J. B. Pioda, has been here less than a year, but he and his wife have made many friends. Mme. Pioda is a decided blonde with very pleasant manners. She speaks several languages but has not yet mastered English. They live in a pleasant house on K Street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth.

Senor Dupuy de Lome came last May, for the second time, as Minister from Spain, so that he and Mme. Dupuy de Lome were not strangers to Washington. They were heartily welcomed back. He was also special Commissioner to the



MRS. HATCH.



MADAME DOMINGUEZ.

World's Fair, and his wife one of the two ladies who represented the Queen, the Duchess of Veragua being the other. Mme. Dupuy de Lome was Senorita Vidiella, of Cadiz; was married at seventeen and has had large experience in diplomatic life, her husband having represented

his country in Berlin, Brussels, Paris and London. She is, I fancy, a real helpmate, as she takes great interest in the questions of the day, reads much and is better posted than many men. Beside her native tongue, she speaks French, German and English; is a fine type of Spanish

beauty, dark-eyed and dark-haired ; has a winning smile, admirable taste in dress and finds time, amid many social duties, to personally superintend the education of her two handsome sons. The eldest, ten years of age, has decided opinions of his own about current events. On his ninth birthday he read to his father in four languages. The home of Minister and Mme. Dupuy de Lome is in a very artistic house on Connecticut Avenue, for several winters the home of Mr. L. Tiffany, of New York, and just above the handsome residence of ex-Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Hatch, wife of the new Minister from Hawaii, was Miss Alice Harves, born and educated in San Francisco. She is very fair, with golden hair, a well-rounded figure and pleasant manner. She is quite musical and fond of society, but devoted to her family. She has a fair-haired daughter about six years old, and a dark-haired boy of three. Mr. Hatch, a native of Massachusetts, has for some years been a prominent lawyer in Honolulu, where he and his wife have a beautiful home. They are keeping house on Sixteenth Street.

The Argentine Republic has a very handsome representative in the person of Senor Vicente J. Dominguez, *charge d'affaires*, and he has a beautiful American wife to whom he was married in London a little more than two years ago. She

was Miss Helene Murphy, born in New York but educated chiefly abroad. Her father was the late Daniel J. Murphy, of New York and San Francisco, who was created Marquis by the Pope, but never used the title. On her mother's side she is related to the Earl of Antrim. Her eldest sister is the wife of Sir Charles Wolseley, and her brother married, not long ago, the beautiful Miss Norah Stewart, daughter of Field Marshal Sir Donald Stewart. Mme. Dominguez is tall, with a fine figure, golden hair, blue eyes and a perfect complexion. One of the loveliest things in her home — which is on K Street, and long the residence of the late distinguished Dr. George B. Loring — is a full length portrait of herself by Hughes, the painter of famous beauties. There are many other beautiful things, antique furniture, bric-a-brac and a fine collection of autograph portraits from distinguished personages.

Among other American ladies in the diplomatic circle are Mme. Covarrubias, the fair-haired wife of the First Secretary of the Mexican legation, who was Miss Choppin, of New Orleans ; Mme. Knagenhjelm, wife of the Second Secretary of the Swedish legation, who was Miss Eleanor Wilson, daughter of Hon. Nathaniel Wilson, of Washington ; and Mme. Raymond Le Ghait, wife of the son of the Belgian Minister, who was Miss Jeannette Payson, also of Washington.

## CHOOSING A MATE.

*Didst hear the jay's loud call*

*So sharp, imperative,*

*Startling the morning air ?*

*Hast seen the vivid hue*

*Of blue-birds on the wing ?*

*They know the spring is here :*

*Calling, choosing a mate.*

*Winter's bleak days are o'er ;*

*Up to the fleecy clouds*

*In happy flight they soar.*

*Dost hear, O little maid,*

*Love's call, imperative,*

*Startling thy spring-time fair ?*

*Dost see the lightning flash*

*Of eyes that gaze in thine*

*To tell thee—"Love is here!"*

*Calling, singing to thee :*

*"Winter's bleak days are o'er ;*

*Come, Love, come thou to me*

*And leave me nevermore!"*

*Elizabeth K. Reynolds.*

## THROUGH THE LAKE REGION OF ENGLAND.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XXII.

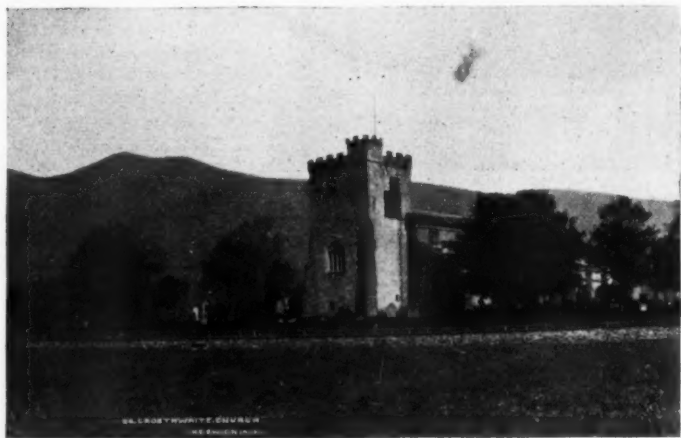
ON OUR way from Edinburgh to Carlisle we stop at the pretty little town of Melrose on the Tweed and take a long look at Melrose Abbey, said to be the most picturesque ruin in Scotland. It stands a short distance north of the station and well down in the valley. Scott says that to see Melrose aright one must see it by the pale moonlight; but we had to view it as we found it, in broad sunlight. It is a Twelfth Century ruin, built by King David I., destroyed by Edward II., rebuilt by Robert Bruce, and twice since destroyed and rebuilt, finally giving up the ghost and entering upon its present less hazardous career as a historic ruin. Its large and finely traceried Gothic windows, its two Norman arches, its broken walls, the associations which cluster around it, connecting it with "The Abbot" of Scott's creation, with Alexander II. and Robert Bruce—the bones of the one and the heart of the other still buried there—all together strongly attract and deeply interest.

From Carlisle to Penrith. To the left of the track at Penrith is an uninteresting ruin. We stroll through the old market town, a half-mile east of the station. Its queer old small-windowed shops are all closed. The streets are deserted. It is a half-holiday and everybody is off on an excursion to Ullswater—everybody except the old, the infirm and children too young to be eager for new sights and scenes.

Thence by rail westward into the famous Lake Country of England. The hills rise higher as we move westward.

As we near Keswick, Saddleback Mountain rises before us on the north, and on beyond, rising still higher, is Skiddaw. To our left is Keswick, a quaint and beautiful village climbing over the hill and extending down to Derwentwater.

We stop over one train to see the lake that we may know it better when we come again on the morrow. These are delightful hours we spend roaming about the town and along the lake. It rains with the



THE BURIAL PLACE OF SOUTHEY, NEAR KESWICK.

utmost ease in this region, but we have happened in on a perfect late summer day. Recent rains have laid the dust. The roadway is hard and the pedestrians are numerous. The old town is full of summer guests, but doesn't seem to mind them. The old tapster chats leisurely with his regular customers and looks as though he had found the secret of living forever. The tradeswoman shows

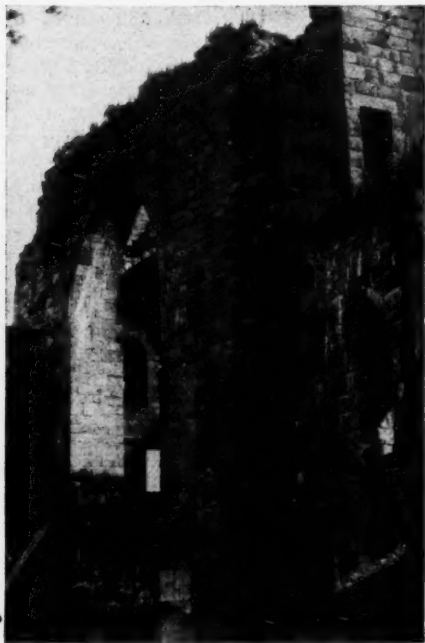
looks as the painfully ugly looking ones are to their startling make up.

That is, I suspect, a peculiarity of the English; they dress to suit the occasion as they view the occasion, and then they give the subject of dress and appearance no further thought. They seem to think more of what they term "good form" than they do of what we Americans term good looks. The most conspicuous English tourists' weakness we discovered to be the affectation of youthful dress and fads by the old men and women. But even this amiable weakness has its agreeable side. The only tourists one systematically avoids are those who feel older than they are.

We come suddenly upon a good, full view of the lake. Derwentwater! that name has a sweetness to our ears suggestive of ideal lives such as Wordsworth dreamed of, and Shelley sighed for but was too disquieted to find. It is decidedly prosaic to speak in guide-book language of this realization of a Claude Lorraine dream. But it may interest the reader to learn that this body of water is three miles long, a mile wide and seventy feet deep. The figures fail to give any conception of the rare setting for this gem. Derwentwater is perhaps the most beautiful of the sixteen lakes in this region. The wooded hills and crags which shut it in, and the wooded islands which dot the northernmost portion, the open space beyond to the south, ending abruptly against a chain of

pale blue hills, one overlapping another; and back of us, to the north, the solemn Skiddaw towering more than three thousand feet, together form a scene which lingers long after other views are run together in the memory.

We take the road to the west, past the lead pencil factory, now the sole manufacturing industry of the place. Once there were large woolen mills here. An ancient rhyme is all that lives to tell the tale:



CHAPEL WINDOW, COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

her wares with the proud consciousness that they are well worth the money. The cows and the barefooted boys regard us with an air which says: "They're nothing but tourists, but we must be civil, for they all help the town more or less." Numerous coaches are loading and unloading their high-seated passengers. Youths and maidens are promenading the streets in flannel suits and yellow shoes, the handsome ones quite as oblivious to their good



"May God Almighty lend His aid  
To Keswick and its woolen trade."

We soon arrive at Crosthwaite Church, and entering find our way to the altar, near which stands a monument erected to the memory of Robert Southey, once England's poet laureate. The monument is a reclining figure in marble, by Lough,—a faithful likeness of the poet, we are told. The inscription beneath was

at night "beholding mountain and lake and vale, . . . Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection." The square old hall stands in the shade on the edge of a grove. Its walls are ivy-covered. Its broad, inviting windows are triune, the center portion arched overhead.

At Cockermouth, a short distance west of Keswick by rail, we find a 'bus driver who refuses to take pay or fee! But



ST. BRIDGET'S CATHEDRAL, BRIGHAM.

written by Wordsworth. The most poetical allusion in this inscription is:

"His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a  
cloud  
From Skiddaw's top."

Southey's grave in the churchyard is marked by a well-worn path leading from the church thereto. On our way back we stop to look at Greta Hall, where Coleridge once lived and where Southey spent nearly forty years of quiet life. At yonder window the poet was wont to stand

Cockermouth is not a resort. It is a matter-of-fact old town, with two points of general interest, Wordsworth's birthplace and Cockermouth Castle. The first-named, a large, square, old-style, two-story house, shut in by a wall and a high arched gate, was recently sold and has since been somewhat "improved." I ask the intelligent barber of the village if the owner paid any more for it because it was once the home of Wordsworth.



He answers, smiling, "No, 'e haint that kind of a man, sir; 'e's our town crier, or hauctioneer; an' a well-to-do man 'e his, sir; 'e's gittin' rich, you see, an' e' an' 'is wife wanted a better 'ouse than they'd 'ad before, an' seein' 'is hopportunity 'e bought this place—bought it cheap I'm told, sir."

The old Norman castle still retains its beautiful grounds, high iron fence and imposing front; but inside the walls all is ruin. The chapel is beautiful in its decay. There is something strangely pathetic in the ruin of a cathedral, church or chapel. The arch windows, standing unbroken, yet surrounded by ruins, especially fascinate. We mount the walls of the castle and in doing so start up a flock of crows, resentful and noisy. The view from this height is a pretty one overlooking the town.

We are lodged for the night in a queer old inn. A bountiful supper is served in an upper parlor. The big table is set with a profusion of quaint old dishes and cutlery, which excite in one of our party of two a violent attack of covetousness.

There has been a cricket match in town, and the winners are banqueting just below us, with many a "Hear! hear!" and thump of canes, as we drop off asleep.

The next morning we visit the parish town of this region, the old town of Brigham, a few minutes' ride by rail west from Cockermouth. The town has not many, if any, more people than it had two hundred years ago. In the thickly populated churchyard of St. Bridget there are any number of gravestones whose upturned faces, green and gray with the moss of centuries, are so worn with the winds and rains that one can read the inscriptions better by pressure of the finger than by sight. Others, still older, give scarcely a trace of "the name, the year, the day." Well might some "Old Mortality" come back to St. Bridget's churchyard and renew his labors, chiseling deeper the names of the dead that they be not wholly lost to mind.

St. Bridget's Cathedral is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the churches in the lake country. Its square bell tower is thought to be an Eleventh Century piece of workmanship, and a very good job the workmen did, for, though it looks as old as the hills, it is still, aside from a little patching, quite as sound as is the ring of its old bell, said to have been brought from Normandy by the pious plunderers who came across the channel with William the Norman.



THIRLMERE—HELVELLYN IN THE DISTANCE ON THE LEFT.



NAG'S HEAD INN AND "WYTHBURN'S MODEST HOUSE OF PRAYER."

We have a chat with the watchful sexton, who "has lived here in Brigham nigh on to seventy-one years an' knows every man, woman an' child that lives in town." Assuring him that we are not resurrectionists, nothing but curious tourists, we learn from him much that interests us concerning rural England and the people of his neighborhood.

Along the roadside, on our way up the hill to the village, sit several old men, not begging, only waiting till the shadows lengthen a little more. We stop and talk with one and find his mind a blank as to everything relating to the present, but legible and interesting when we turn to the pages of the past.

The town, though only a few miles distant from the guide-book route, is as free from all intercourse with the tourists' world as if it were many leagues away. The old houses opening out upon the cobble-stone paved street, the cracked stone floors in the still older houses, the queer old furniture seen though the open doors, the cow-like placidity of the faces framed in the open windows,—these are some of the details in the picture which stand out with most clearness.

We ascend Brigham Hill and pay our respects to the Fletchers, who are the

great—relatively great—family of the parish and have been ever since the departure of the original owners for the New World, in 1635. "Brigham Hall" is a beautiful home, remote from the town and overlooking a vast area of farm and pasture land and quarry. On clear days the Irish Sea may be seen from the windows on the west. Here, in isolation so far as relates to local society, Mr. Fletcher has reared to young womanhood two daughters whose culture and refinement fit them to adorn any society in which they may be called to move; and yet they are apparently quite content to be wholly out of the fierce social currents in which the mad world of London whirls. They find abundant occupation and sources of interest in books, music, tennis, farm pets, home cares and parish work, with an occasional visit to the great metropolis in the height of the season. Who shall say they are not wiser in their day and generation than their London friends?

After a lunch in the library of the Fletcher mansion, we take a walk to Broughton, which lies across the Cocker River and well up on the hill to the north.

We are now on the edge of the great coal strike. Men are standing in the streets and sitting upon benches in front

of the village inns, evidently restless without their wonted occupation. At first they eye us suspiciously, but a glance assures them that we are harmless foreigners, and they resume their pipes and then talk in an undertone.

We find our "warmest welcome at an inn" and, since it is late, we gladly make a dinner of what's left of a big meat pie, chiefly crust. We drink tea steeped in our presence in an old fireplace with oven attachment. We inquire of the

proper is filled with "hand luggage." "Go!" and we're off, through the town, past the summer hotels, up the hill on the east side of the lake to Castlerigg Brow, with its superb view of the lake and hills; thence south into the restfully beautiful Vale of St. John, a typical "Happy Valley."

Thirlmere is soon in sight; a pretty little lake three miles long, about a half-mile wide and shut in by crags and hills. Distant Manchester, spurred by the ne-



WINDERMERE.

"With a promontory creek and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Float amid the liveliest light,  
And mountains, that like giants stand  
To sentinel the enchanted land."

landlady, a young widow, concerning the strikers. She tells us "they're not a murderous crowd as some of 'em is. They're peaceable and contented. They gits not more'n four shillin's a day, but that's not so bad, you know."

Back to Keswick, by rail, at 4 p. m., and we are soon seated on top of a coach bound for Windermere.

What a ride that is on a bright summer day! There are five seats on top, with five persons on nearly every seat, the driver holding the four horses in check till the word "go" is given. The coach

cessity of having pure water to drink, has invaded this valley with water pipes, and the "winding brooklet" of Scott's "Bridal of Triermain" is doomed. To our left rises high the rugged peak of Helvellyn, the sacred Hill of the Druids. We stop to water our horses at Nag's Head, and stroll across the road to Wythburn's modest "House of Prayer," in which are seen Coleridge's lines:

Humble it is and meek, and very low,  
And speaks its purpose by a single bell;  
But God himself, and he alone, can know  
If spiry temples please him half so well.

The ascent of Dunmail Raise is our

next course. We are soon in the midst of rocky hills, which look to be the native home of Solitude. It is an elevated defile between great crags. There is a pretty legend of a king and a maiden hovering about yonder cairn "heaped over King Dunmail's bones." Yonder to the south is Grasmere; on beyond is Rydal Water. Grasmere, though not a half-mile wide, is 180 feet deep. It is a beautiful opal, with an emerald in the center.

The drive into the village of Grasmere is spirited. The pretty little town is alive with guests. We get out at the hotel and stroll over to St. Oswald's Church that we may look with our own eyes upon the plain gray stone slab which marks the grave of Wordsworth. Near by is another slab over the grave of Hartley Coleridge.

We remount the coach and proceed to Ambleside, the head waters of Windermere.

An old man, an ex-coachman, is given a ride part way to Ambleside. I ask him how long he has lived here. "Seventy odd years," he answers. Then he adds: "But I've got a mother livin' that can beat that; she's lived in an' about Grasmere over ninety years."

I ask him if he knew Wordsworth.

"Knew 'im well."

"Well, what did you think of him?"

"Nice man; nobody ever said nothing agin Mr. Wordsworth,—they couldn't. One thing I remember about 'im was 'is forgitfulness; 'e'd forgit 'is 'ead if it wa'n't fast. It's nice in you outsiders to 'old 'im in so much store; but between us, barrin' 'is portry, of which I haint a judge, 'e wa'n't no more'n 'is neighbors."

Thankful for this unconscious tribute to the poet's lowliness, I next ask him if he knew the younger Coleridge and Shelley.

"Not so well," he said, "but I've seen 'em many a time. I may be wrong, but I'd call 'em a pair of toughs; not rough, you understand, but jest tough."

Just what he meant by this distinction I cannot well make out.

On our left as we drive out of town is pretty "Dove Cottage," where Wordsworth entertained DeQuincey.

The ride along the east side of Rydal Water is ideal. Here, indeed, we see rural England at its best,—perfect roadways, winding along between ivy-covered stone walls; old historic homes, covered with ivy; streams pushing their way to the lakes over stony beds and through miniature glens. We pass "Nab Cottage," where Hartley Coleridge lived and died, and where Shelley lingered long his guest. It is an old white cottage, almost hid in ivy. The homes of Harriet Martineau, Matthew Arnold, Arthur Clough and other notables are pointed out.

Down the hill, across the Rothay, with its pretty cascades, and into Ambleside. It is slowly growing dark, and "shadows play upon the riven mountains." The old church; the old mill, with its moss-covered wheel; the old inhabitants, serenely sitting in front of comfortable-looking old homes, look the more interesting in the gathering gloom.

We take the little steamer for Bowness. Windermere is all about us. It is the largest lake in this region, being ten miles long. It, too, is studded with small islands. The peaks about Windermere are not as high and abrupt as about Derwentwater or Thirlmere, but around one of them, to the west, a cloud is gathering and the rays of the sun, sunk far down below the horizon, are silvering the cloud. The moon over on the east is beginning to assert herself. By the time we reach Bowness a great streak of gold, thrown from some search-light in the moon, sweeps across the water and loses itself in the woods upon the western shore.

Given a room facing the lake, our evening at Bowness is a rare luxury. There before us lies the enchanted, moon-lit lake. The quiet is so marked that we can feel it. The splash of oars, mingled with conversation, laughter and singing, can be distinctly heard, though far out upon the water. The islands have gathered gloom, making the phosphorescent brightness of the water about them seem more weird.

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream."

[The Lake Country of England is further described and profusely illustrated in the September and October numbers of the 1894 MIDLAND.]

## IN LOTUS LAND.



I SAW the crescent moon arise  
And hang, like some old viking skiff,  
Suspended in the tranquil skies,  
And moored against the cedared cliff.

Its silvery beams had bound the birk  
And thriddled all the leaves with light,  
And deep where somber shadows lurk  
Lay slender, molten bars of white.

The river, bending through the hills  
And blossomy vales, Ionian-sweet,  
With tribute from an hundred rills,  
Appeared one mighty silver sheet.

My bark shot past the bosky brink,  
Past flower and fern, and coigne and cove,  
The one dark thing that broke the link  
In all the chain the moonbeams wove.

No need was mine to ply the oars,  
The current moving swift and strong ;  
It bore so near the bloom-starred shores  
My hand could trail the blooms along.

Up rose, afar, the Peak of Pines,  
Behind whose crest the June sun sets,  
And from whose giant's breast inclines  
A mass of spangled aigulets.

And there was "Lover's Leap" ; beyond,  
The cliffs the maiden fell between,  
Whilst from a weeping-willow's frond  
A hidden owl shrieked a threne.

And over all the glorious moon !—  
The mother of youth's dreams and sighs,  
The queen of love, the joy of June,  
The weird magician of the skies !

And drifting, dreaming, lost in love,  
I knew again youth's golden hours,  
And sailed the lunar boat above  
Through soundless seas of fleece and flowers.

What pictures strange the fancy paints !  
What brush can limn the brain's device !  
The coral stars seemed eyes of saints  
That peered at me from Paradise.

And then I saw my darling's face,  
High up in Heaven, wreathed with light,  
Appealing, as for one embrace,  
And that our souls should reunite.

I whispered, as a precious peace  
Descended on me from above,  
" The tide unto the moon's increase  
Is not so faithful as my love ! "

*Arthur Grissom.*

## "HARES AND HOUNDS."

A WINTER SPORT IN THE MIDDLE-WEST.

By ED. S. WHITE.

IF THERE can be such a thing as an athletic Renaissance, surely America is having her share of that movement. Is the suggested resurrection of the Olympian games merely the pleasing fancy of minds buried in the study of the Greeks, or is it, rather, a sign of the times?

To-day every city of importance has its athletic organizations, every newspaper its athletic news, and every high-class educational institution its trained athletes and professor of physical culture.

*Outing* is taken by thousands of devotees to amateur sport, and it is safe to say that no reader of *Harper's Weekly* slights the articles from the pen of Caspar Whitney. The manufacture of bicycles has grown to the dignity of a national industry. Even the cadets of West Point and Annapolis indulge in "Rugby," for did not the Duke of Wellington declare that the battle of Waterloo was won on the football fields of Eton and Harrow? And does the young man from Yale, with that great Y in his sweater, think any the less of the Wellesley girl who is the best oarswoman in her college crew?

How thoroughly this great influence has permeated the life of the midland region within the last ten years the casual observer does not fully realize. Five years ago there was organized in Kansas City, Missouri, the Western Quadrangular Football League, embracing the universities of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri. Two years ago the leading universities and colleges of the Middle-West, including institutions as far east as Oberlin, and as far west as the University of Kansas, sent representatives to Chicago, where a grand contest in track athletics took place, followed by the organization of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association. Numerous city ath-

letic clubs and Y. M. C. A. athletic teams in the Mississippi Valley, outside the colleges, evince a similar outdoor spirit. Hose teams train steadily for months, in order to be prepared for state and district tournaments, and some of the fastest records for this kind of work are held in the midland prairies. Last year several companies of the Iowa National Guard held a contest in field sports. The young women of the University of Iowa are beginning to utilize the apparatus of the gymnasium, and it is said by those who ought to know that the game of basketball played by them is no less "snappy" than that to be seen at Wellesley or Bryn Mawr. In case an enemy should swoop down upon the battalion of the Iowa Agricultural College and annihilate all the "braves," there would still remain a task for the invader,—the conquest of a company of resolute maidens, armed with shining spears—an invincible phalanx of health and beauty.

The original source of this physical culture movement can hardly be said to have been in Southern Europe. The college athlete, who daily courageously assails a diet of underdone beefsteak or mutton-chops, can scarcely miss the correct conclusion that John Bull is in some way responsible for nearly all our out-door sports.

Of these English games transplanted to American soil, one of the best has not gained the place its value entitles it to hold among athletes,—the game of "Hares and Hounds." It was first played by English school-boys about the year 1800. In the course of time the sport became exceedingly popular in all athletic circles of Great Britain and Ireland, where it deservedly continues so.

Although the colleges of the East took up the game in the Fifties, it was not until



1878 that the first "Hares and Hounds" club was organized in America. Athletic clubs of Eastern cities and colleges have kept the sport alive in America. In the Middle-West, and the West, for some reason or other, the city athletic clubs have not taken very kindly to it. Some of the universities, however, have taken up the exercise very successfully.

For several years the University of Wisconsin has done so. The University of Iowa, three or four years ago, organized a club of ten or twelve members. This organization still exists, being the only one in Iowa, and probably the only one west of the Mississippi.

The essential features of the game have not changed during the century of its existence. The rules generally used in governing hare and hound chases provide that the distance to be covered shall not exceed ten miles, and shall be within a radius of five miles of the start.

From the field of entries two runners are chosen to act as hares; these runners are given bags containing scraps of paper, which they shall scatter for "scent" as they run. The hares shall be given five minutes start of the hounds, must keep within hailing distance of each other, and

lay a fair, continuous trail, crossing fordable streams only and surmounting all obstacles over which they lay trail. If the hare's paper gives out, the "break" for home must be indicated by scattering colored paper, a small amount of which each hare has with him.

The remaining runners are styled hounds. They have a master who acts as pace-maker for them, and who has entire charge of them until the break for home is ordered—an order which shall not be made until the trail is lost or at an end. The pack must keep within hailing distance of the master, and under no circumstances may the hounds follow the line of sight when the hares are seen, but must always follow the trail. Previous to the "break" all the hounds in sight will be lined up by the master for a race home by the shortest route. If the hares arrive home first, they are entitled to the prize; on the other hand, if two hounds come in first, the prize is theirs. The first two hounds in shall be the hares at the next run.

As practiced by the University of Iowa athletes, these chases occur during the fall and winter. It is hardly necessary to remark that the staunch midland athlete does not permit the weather-prophet



HARES AND HOUNDS COURSE—A MIDLAND COUNTRY ROAD IN WINTER.



to interfere with his sport to any great extent, just as he endures a great many inconveniences unknown to the Eastern athlete, who trains in clover half the year and boasts of his records the other half. A heavy snow is enjoyed by the runners, and a cold day, while it may chill the ardor of the weak, will not as a rule postpone the regular weekly chase, which is usually held on Saturday.

If the surface of the country is of a diverse character the hares can have a vast amount of amusement at the expense of the hounds. The hares take advantage of all natural or artificial obstacles in the direction of the course. At Iowa City the hares frequently go through a half-dozen barb-wire fences, blackberry-thickets, stretches of timber alternating with fields of ploughed ground, and last, but not least, over the bluffs of the beautiful Iowa River, steep and rugged as the ascent from Avernus.

How pleasant it is, when acting as a hare, to look down from one of those picturesque bluffs and see the weary, though undaunted, hounds following the trail below! Little they dream of brambles to meet, of streams to cross and bluffs to climb, of barn-yards to enter and uncompromising bulldogs to conciliate! And perhaps the severity of these lessons in perseverance sometimes causes the hounds to wonder whether the ubiquitous boy that shouts "Run your head off!" is such a hopeless fool after all. But the sight of fifteen or twenty men breaking into a brisk run for several miles is an exhilarating one. There is hope and health and strength in it, even for the spectators. And even the man who cordially hates everything English

is proud that America has young men sturdy and energetic enough to enjoy "them there long runs."

Interest in the sport at the University has recently been much augmented by the patriotic action of Mr. W. T. Chantland, of Fort Dodge, a prosperous attorney of that city and one of the well-known athletes of the institution at Iowa City. Mr. Chantland has offered a fine silver medal to the winner of the highest per cent of runs. These runs are especially beneficial to men intending to compete for places on the track athletic team in the spring.

A number of new men are doing excellent work, and it is safe to assert that the sport has come to stay. And why not? Ah, "Robby," would that our course through life had half "the jest and youthful jollity" that enlivened those twelve-mile courses over the melting snows of early March! How bracing they were after a "dig" in Horace or a tussle with chemistry!

So long, then, as these rugged, rejuvenating games continue to be a means to an end and not an end in themselves, we can afford to foster them. Men must train gradually and consistently before entering contests that test heart, lungs and nerves. Physical culture like mental training cannot be attained at a single bound. The age in which the collegian was distinguished by pipe-stem legs and a hollow chest has gone by. Our academician has the brain of the bygone type but has, in addition, an adequate superstructure. One of the things asked of the young American seeking a foothold in the world's endeavor to-day, is not how much Sanscrit he knows, but how good his health is and what he can do.



## THE OLD HOUSE BY THE STREAM.

DO YOU remember, brother, the old house by the stream —  
The years have sadly widened, like the pictures of a dream —  
Where we grew in boyish vigor, 'mid the tall oaks of the wood, —  
The forest, old and rugged, that our sturdy blows withstood?

The old house in the forest, with the river running by,  
Where the minnows, with a pin-hook, we landed high and dry;  
The squirrel, pert and saucy, that we drove to frantic fright,  
Till he fell an easy victim to our arrow's sudden flight?

The old home in the forest, with its basswood puncheon floor;  
Its single window to the sun and cat-hole by the door;  
The axe and hoe together, — in a corner hung the flail? —  
We were taught the law of order by the boot-jack on its nail.

In the winter, 'neath its rafters, as we slept in cozy beds,  
The snow came sifting round us, turning white our youthful heads,  
Or, melting on our faces into limpid, mimic tears,  
Ran down our cheeks unfettered, like the real in after years.



The sugar-bush in springtime before the frost was out,  
The sap-trough slowly filling from the corrugated spout,  
The kettle swinging from the pole, the "sugar-off" at night,  
The girls and boys who came to help, and scraped the kettle bright;

The plowing and the husking, — yes, a thousand other things  
That lie like hidden pictures that memory forward brings!  
Would you part with the remembrance of those early boyhood days,  
When the household needs were simple — for we lived in homely ways?

Strange steps pass in the doorway of a new house on the hill;  
Of the old one, not a vestige, but the stream is flowing still;  
And the meadow-lark and robin, just as when we two were boys,  
Drink from its limpid waters and then warble forth their joys.

Forget it! If we ever reach the home of which we dream,  
Where, once again united, we shall gather by the stream,  
May there be a duplication of the joys we used to know, —  
Of the happy scenes of childhood in the home of long ago!

*Edward W. Dutcher.*

## The Midland's Fiction Department.

### A JOURNEY TO GRIMES.

BY FRANKLYN W. LEE.

MRS. BAIN was taken somewhat aback when she answered the knock and found Harding at the door. Once upon a time, it is true, he had been a frequent visitor, and they would have considered it a peculiar circumstance if each day had not brought him, if only for a few moments. Indeed, his mother used to tell him that if he continued to practically make his home with the Bains, she would feel constrained to send his trunk over there and have done with it; but she no longer said it. Hester Bain was then the superior attraction, but since that time there had arisen a misunderstanding of uncommon force and importance to mar the trend of the friendship that had existed for years between the two young people. Perhaps custom and contact had caused Harding to unconsciously assume a proprietorship not wholly warranted by the facts or the conditions; perhaps this had been too sharply resented by the girl. Instinct prompts men to rule where they can and dictate where they may. At all events, she had chosen to ease her mind, and during the subsequent discussion of the point of difference a breach had widened gradually until it fairly yawned between them. Will was stubborn, as befitted a man; Hester was impulsive, as befitted a girl of nervous temperament; both, being young, were unreasonable and utterly unable to adjust a passing difference. The end of it all was that he had ceased to call and nursed his wounded pride, while she repented in silence. Mrs. Bain's surprise, therefore, was but natural, although with it there was a trace of gladness in her eyes as she hospitably opened the door and cordially invited him in.

"I can't stay, Mrs. Bain," he said, hastily, "I have a span of horses and a pole buggy outside and the animals are a little

restless. I am going to drive to Grimes this afternoon, and I thought perhaps Hester might like to go. The afternoon is perfect and it is a fine drive of nine miles or so, just the thing for her—that is, if she is strong enough."

"Oh, I am feeling much better, Will," came a low voice from within, and he entered to pay his devoirs to Hester, who, looking paler and thinner than he had ever known her to be, sat in the big rocking chair near the window.

"Mother told me how ill you were," he said, awkwardly, his eyes downcast and his fingers trifling nervously with his hat, "and—and—but I've been too busy of late to go anywhere, you know. You are better, you say?"

"A great deal better, thank you," Hester replied, absorbing a little of his restraint.

"But are you well enough to go," he asked, hopefully.

"Go? I should go, I think, if mamma had to carry me down stairs," she said, confidently; "I've been longing for a drive, and the temptation is too great to be resisted. I may go, mamma?"

"I don't know, Hester,— " her mother began, doubtfully and with maternal solicitude.

"But I know, mamma. I'm feeling more like myself than I have felt in weeks, and the drive will be a tonic."

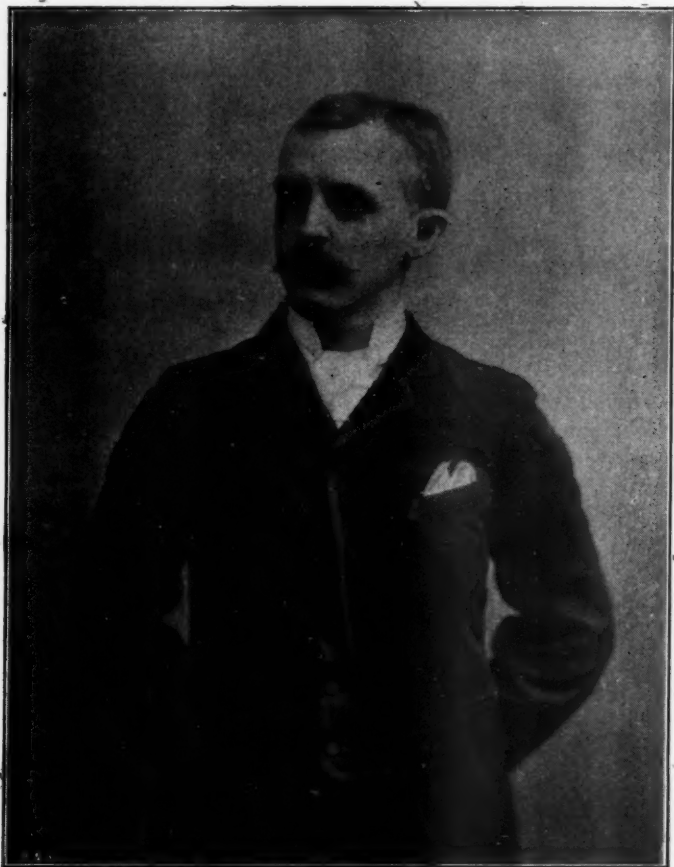
"I'm sure it will," said Harding, eagerly hastening to her aid. His offer was an atonement for his neglect of her during her serious illness, and he did not wish to be denied the pleasure he had promised himself. "The air is as balmy as that of a spring day," he continued, "and as clear as a bell. If you are afraid of the night air on the return trip, put a cloak or shawl in the buggy and I'll see that she wears it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Bain, indulgently. She wished that Hester might have the benefit of the drive; and she wished, too, that the foolish pair might patch up their juvenile differences and come to a happier understanding; for she missed Will's company, and Hester had not been the same light-hearted girl since the parting.

"Come down stairs as soon as you are ready, Hester," he called, from the main door, "The ponies will be off in a minute if I don't watch them."

Presently, equipped for the journey, she joined him at the curb, and the smiling anticipation in her face and the new light in her grey eyes repaid him with compound interest for the sacrifice of pride he had made in order to give her an outing. Her mother was there to tuck her in and stow the extra wraps under the seat, and she waved a cheery parting as the eager ponies trotted away.

"It was awfully good of you to think of me, Will," said Hester, after a little, divining that he was waiting for her to speak.



FRANKLYN W. LEE, OF ST. PAUL,  
Poet, Dramatist, Short-Story Writer and Journalist.

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that he had thought much of her and had devoted many sleepless night hours to that disturbing occupation, but he checked the speech and sternly held it back. He had promised himself over and over again beforehand that he would not lisp a syllable which might precipitate the old, useless argument and spoil her afternoon. His aim had been to give her a little pleasure after her long imprisonment, not to secure a leverage whereby he might possibly reinstate himself. She was nervous—weak, perhaps—and it would be brutal to play upon the old chords. He had been brutal enough, he thought, in carrying his pride to the verge of the dark river where she had lingered; in steadfastly exiling himself when it would have been but friendly to go and endeavor to cheer her up; and now, seeing that good nature and reason had vanquished pride, recapitulation would be painful folly.

"I thought it might do you good," he said, casually, "I had a selfish motive, too. I did not want to go alone."

"You can't imagine how grateful I am. But where are we going?"

"To Grimes, about nine miles north of west."

"But you have some object in view, of course?"

"Certainly," he replied, more at ease, "I am going after primary returns."

"That is Greek to me," she retorted with a laugh.

"Primary returns, in this instance, are the results of township elections held for the purpose of choosing delegates to the coming county convention," he explained, with technical accuracy. "You see, we want the names of all those delegates before the other papers get them, and we'll print the list in full to-morrow. The *Times* is now in the act of stealing a march upon the other fellows. Three of us are scouring the country."

"You newspaper men are never satisfied unless you are getting ahead of each other. It seems to me that you must sit up nights concocting all sorts of schemes.

But why go to Grimes?" she asked, with increasing interest.

"Well, as it happens, the corners of three townships touch near Grimes," he went on, shaking the lines a little and urging the ponies to swifter effort. "I am to look after those townships by seeing two men—local political leaders—who can give me the results of the contest. One lives in Grimes, and the other—a Mr. Adams—lives about a mile or so out of town."

"But couldn't you have waited,—or written?" she inquired, innocently.

"I like that!" he retorted, scornfully. "By to-morrow the other papers will begin to think about sending out men. If we wait we won't get them—unless we clip the list from some other paper—until the day of the convention. This is an example of newspaper enterprise."

"I see," said Hester, with becoming meekness,—but she did not see. It was delightful to have such a drive; it was exceedingly kind to take her along; but she could not see wherein any urgent necessity had prompted the trip. What if the other papers did get the list? Surely, that would make no difference.

Having practically exhausted this simple phase of a great subject—and all for naught—Harding lapsed into silence and pursued a waiting policy, while his fair companion, supremely indifferent to the apparently ridiculous desire of the *Times* to outgeneral its contemporaries, turned her attention to the beauties around her.

They had branched from the broad, sightly avenue, with its lines of promising trees and succession of handsome residences, and an abrupt turn shut out the city and its dusty, smoky haze. It seemed to Hester as if they had entered another world—a bit of the fairyland of nature. Their course, for the time being, lay by the side of a brook, which widened further down into a run, and in the city became a drain. Out in this new world, stretching before the eyes of Hester and Will, the brook was a pretty stream, clear and cool, with all the mirror effects which landscape artists love to copy. On the

opposite side, beyond the quaint, old-fashioned rail fences here and there, were orchards rich with ripening fruit, well ordered and prosperous farms and thrifty gardens. The dark foliage bordering the stream was relieved here and yon by something lighter, by way of sharp yet harmonious contrast, or by flowers which swayed and nodded in the delicious breeze. It was enchantment, pure and simple,—the spell of fairyland was in the very air.

"Isn't it beautiful, Will?" she murmured.

"Beautiful, indeed," he said, reining in the ponies and looking about him. "See that lively little squirrel yonder. He is a brown-coated philosopher with a concentrated intellect. He lays up a store for the winter, and that is more than the higher and more lordly animal, man, sometimes does, notwithstanding all his fruits of evolution. Moreover, the squirrel asks no one's help, and does not demand that birds of gay plumage shall divide with him, which is another evidence of his mental superiority. I feel better when I get amid surroundings like these. I feel better physically, mentally, and spiritually. I am more of a man—and closer to heaven," he added, in a low tone.

Soon, however, they left the picturesque scenes and by degrees reached the table-land above the valley. Once they were there, the land stretched from the tires to the western horizon, above which the sun was beginning to hang low, and there was only the slight billowy tendency of the ground to mar the perfect level. It was just a placid sea of green they looked upon, with a faint suspicion of gold at intervals, for the warm weather had done much for the corn, in which a tall man might have walked upright and still been almost hidden. The level was somewhat monotonous to Harding, who scanned the horizon with critical eye.

"I don't like that bank of clouds rising over there," he muttered. "It is heavy and aggressive looking. I shouldn't like to take you back through a rainstorm, Hester. It might be the death of you, as

this buggy doesn't offer much protection. At all events, it would worry your mother terribly."

"What if it *should* rain, Will?" She looked apprehensively at the frowning mass rising from behind the western line to meet the sun.

"Well, we'll wait and see. I can tell by the time we are ready to start for home. If it rains, or threatens, I'll leave you at the Adams place for the night. They'll treat you well."

"And you?"

"Oh, don't bother your head about me," he said, flicking the lash and sending the team over the main road at a rattling pace, "I'll jog along home by myself, and stop on the way to tell your mother."

It was nearly dusk when they pulled into the little village of Grimes, which, it seemed to Hester, almost slumbered in the gathering twilight. It was all so odd to her; the buildings on the main street were so low in comparison with the stately business blocks of the city; the residences were so little, like mere toys, and she laughed softly as she likened the scene to the miniature village which had amused her in her childhood. Harding made a few inquiries of an individual upon whose hands time seemed to hang rather heavily, and then drove a few blocks farther. Stopping in front of a store, he alighted and ran in, leaving Hester to look after the ponies. In a few moments he returned and they were on their way again. A brisk run left Grimes behind, and an easy jog along a quiet lane brought them to the most pretentious dwelling that Hester had seen since they lost sight of the city.

"This is where Mr. Adams lives, I believe," said Harding. "I am glad of it, for you must be tired."

"Just a little, Will."

The ponies instinctively turned to the right and trotted along a well-kept driveway to the very door, almost, of a commodious barn. Two figures emerged from the dusk and approached the wayfarers.

"This is the Adams place, is it not?" asked Harding.

"Yes, sir."



"Is Mr. Adams at home?"

"Surely."

"My name is Harding, and I represent the *Times*. I have come out to see him about the primaries."

"Come right in, Mr. Harding. He'll be right glad to see you."

"You go in, Hester," counseled Will, kindly. "Pshaw! people out here don't pay any attention to formalities. You are too tired to wait out here for me. Run along, now, like a good girl. One of these boys will take you in while I see to the ponies and the rig."

Not unwilling to escape from her cramped position for a time, Hester, although diffident, obediently followed her guide toward the big house. Harding, meantime, assisted by the other of Mr. Adams' boys, unharnessed the ponies and attended to their needs. This done, he went to the house, at the door of which stood an elderly woman, Mrs. Adams, who gave him cordial welcome.

"You'll find your wife in the sitting-room with the rest, Mr. Harding," she said, as she ushered him in. "Poor girl, she looks tuckered out. Go in and make yourself at home, and in a little while we'll have some lunch ready for you. Of course you must be hungry after your drive."

Dazed and at a loss, Harding mechanically walked toward the room to which he had been directed.

"Wife!" Mrs. Adams had said. His heart almost stopped beating, so powerful was the effect of that magic word. It was his alpha and his omega, his hope and his despair, an abracadabra, all things—more than he had dared to confess to himself after that unhappy misunderstanding. His eyes moistened a little and his step was uncertain as he walked into the sitting-room. He dared not look at Hester; he felt he was not strong enough to do so; and so he was glad that Mr. Adams, with whom he was slightly acquainted, gave him occupation by striding forward, taking him by the hand and introducing him to the others in the room. But, alas!—

"I reckon the ride has been too much for Mrs. Harding," the host observed, when they were all seated again.

Will mustered sufficient courage to lift his eyes and look askance at "Mrs. Harding," to whom they had given the easiest chair. Their glances met; but she gave no sign, other than a peculiar smile which played fitfully about her full lips. There was an odd light in her gray eyes, as if she wanted to laugh outright; but she bore up heroically. This, however, did not encourage him; he keenly felt the awkwardness of their position, which was certainly a delicate one. More than once he was on the point of enlightening those who had so innocently erred; but something forbade it, and he turned to question his host as to the result of the primaries.

While he was thus engaged, Mrs. Adams announced that luncheon was served, and would take no negative when they stoutly disclaimed any desire to impose upon good nature. In vain they protested; they were summarily bundled off to the dining-room, where a royal feast had been spread for them. Competent, after their ride, to do everything full justice, Will and Hester attacked the fried chicken with a relish, and, nodding her head approvingly, Mrs. Adams left them to themselves. Harding seized the temporary advantage and said, hurriedly:

"It came like a flash of lightning and I was too stunned to think coherently. I am sorry to have placed you in such an odd position, Hester. What shall we do?"

"What *can* we do? To speak now would be folly. Mistakes will happen, and as it isn't at all likely that I shall ever see these people again it doesn't make much difference."

Her companion's face lengthened. Her words and her tone disappointed him, for in them he had hoped to discover an echo of what was in his heart. It saddened him to think that the thought of wifehood contained no sweet suggestion for her and brought no thought of happier possibilities, such as had come to him. He no longer felt hungry.

"It looks like rain," said Mrs. Adams, kindly, as she reëntered. "Why not leave Mrs. Harding here to-night?"

"I think I had better return with him," ventured Hester, demurely.

"I think so, too," said Will, dryly. "You are very kind, Mrs. Adams, but she has not been well of late and her mother will worry to death, almost, if she is not home to-night. I have an idea that we can reach town before the rain gets a good start."

Finding that their determination was unalterable, Mrs. Adams pressed them no further, but, aided by the others, bustled about and assisted Hester in getting ready for the homeward trip. And when they finally drove away, it was to the tune of protests and cordial injunctions to the newspaper man to drive out again—on a visit of friendship—and, above all, to bring his "wife."

For miles and miles, it seemed to Hester, her companion sat in dogged silence. He was stubbornly combating any desire to broach the subject of the mistake that had been made, seeing that its absurdity was the only element of interest to her. For Hester's part, she was beginning to feel fatigue and the need of the distracting influences of conversation. But never a word said he. The ponies jogged tirelessly along; the clouds were still gathering ominously in the west, in sharp contrast with the open glory of the full moon rising so steadily in the east; the crickets chirped cheerily as they drove by; now and then a toad serenaded his lady-love; the corn rustled in the freshening wind and the sweet scent of nature crept up to them and enveloped them.

"What makes you so silent, Will?" she asked, petulantly, at last, unable to bear the silence longer.

"I have been thinking," he replied, moodily.

"Then think aloud, for it is dreadfully poky when you are so quiet."

"But I doubt if my thoughts would interest you to-night."

"You take too much for granted. Why?"

"I was thinking of the mistake those people made," he said, after a pause.

"Funny, wasn't it?" Hester laughed softly at the recollection.

"To you perhaps, but not to me," Harding retorted. "To me it was a very serious matter, so serious, indeed,—Hester," he demanded, desperately, "may I speak freely?"

"Certainly. What is there to prevent?"

"When they called you my wife it seemed as if heaven opened to me; but when, the next moment, I realized how wrong they were, I was as unhappy as ever. Hester, all day long I have been beating down my feelings, holding heart and tongue in check, for I know how distasteful the subject is to you, and I did not want you to think that I had driven you away out here for the purpose of annoying you; but I *must* speak now. They said 'your wife,' and I wished in my heart that the words were true, for I have been miserable since we quarreled."

"We are not quarreling now," she said, gently.

"Nor are we agreed."

"How can two fail to agree when there is nothing to quarrel about?" Hester asked.

The lines almost fell from Harding's hands.

"Do you mean it, dear? Will you make good the words of those people?" His voice trembled with eagerness and he did not heed the ponies as they fairly skimmed away in the direction of home.

"You goose, I have been waiting for you to come back to me," she said.

On the following day, as he was making his rounds, Harding heard a cheery salute and felt a hearty slap upon his back.

"Well, how's Mrs. Harding to-day?"

Turning, he beheld his jovial host of the day before. The newspaper man could have embraced the kindly farmer, but he contented himself with squeezing the toil-worn hand and informing him that the journey to Grimes had done his "wife" a world of good,—that, in fact, it had done both a world of good.

## "A DIANA OF THE SAGE-BRUSH."

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

IT HAD been a particularly hot afternoon and Helm was in a particularly bad humor as he trudged, gun in hand, along the lonely, dusty road, the disgust which he felt for things in general increasing with every step and extending even to the altogether charming sunset and wholly unobjectionable landscape, which he mentally designated as "a beastly flat."

Luck had been dead against him that afternoon. Game had been unusually scarce to begin with; he had missed several good shots; his dog had started a rabbit and deserted him, and now, with disgust in his heart and game-bag almost empty, he was returning to the ranch. There he knew Carter was awaiting him, seated on the breezy veranda, in the easiest of chairs and the airiest possible negligé; a table at his elbow,—on which stood, in tempting array, glasses, ice-bowl and decanter; a good cigar, a half-dozen newspapers and a Daudet novel at hand with which to while away the hours of the long, hot afternoon. Helm swore softly to himself as this picture crossed his mind (he could almost hear the clink of the ice in the glasses) and the thought occurred to him that Carter was even then reveling in the consciousness of his own superior wisdom.

"Sport!" ejaculated Helm, contemptuously, "Nobody short of a bally idiot in the fifth degree would call it sport to tramp for hours, carrying a heavy gun, when the thermometer's at 90. Carter was right,—he's generally right, confound him, and he has such a deucedly unpleasant way of letting you know it! Carter's well enough in the main, but he can be confoundedly disagreeable when he likes."

Having paid this tribute to the absent and unconscious Carter, Helm was proceeding to touch upon things in general and "all the uses of the world" with a

caustic bitterness worthy of the melancholy Dane himself, when a dog—not his own, but a gaunt, ill-favored cur, with an expression of countenance far from pleasant and an evidently hostile intent—ran down the road toward him, barking fiercely.

Glad of a tangible object on which to vent his ill-humor, Helm raised his gun and fired. That this shot was more effective than his previous ones had been that afternoon was attested when the dog turned and fled in the direction whence he had come, limping painfully and yelping dismally as he went. Half ashamed of what he had done, for he was at heart good-natured, Helm followed slowly, guided by the fast receding howls of his victim.

A few moments brought him in sight of a dilapidated covered wagon, near which were grazing two miserable, jaded horses, and in the shadow of which a man—a typical "mover," gaunt, grizzled and unkempt—was lying, apparently asleep.

"Hello!" cried Helm, involuntarily. His salute was promptly answered by a boy of perhaps twelve or fourteen years, who thrust his frowzy tow-head from beneath the cover of the wagon, while the man sat up and stared sleepily at the intruder. The boy swung himself out of the wagon and stood contemplating the stranger, with his hands in his pockets and with an expression of deep interest on his freckled face.

"I reckon 'twuz you that shot Nep just now," the boy began, indicating the dog that, crouching beside his master, was regarding Helm with marked disfavor.

"Yes," said Helm, guiltily, "it was. I am very sorry."

"Oh, it don't matter," said the boy, good-naturedly. "He aint hurt bad, and he aint much 'count nohow. But," as a sudden thought occurred to him, "Sal—"

"Sal," the man interrupted in a soft, slow drawl, in which there was a sort of sibilant quality, occasioned, as Helm observed, by the absence of one of his front teeth, "Sal will raise hell."

"Sal," repeated Helm, vaguely, while visions of Amazonian females crossed his mind, "Sal?"

"Yes," the boy answered, "she's gone to the spring yonder way" — Helm involuntarily glanced over his shoulder — "and I reckon she'll be back in a minute."

Helm, having little fancy for females of Mephistophelean tendencies, was fain to plead an engagement and depart, but women were a decided novelty at Wild Goose Ranch, so he lingered tentatively, while his frowsy-headed interlocutor went on: "I reckon we'll camp out here over night. We came down from the kentry, and Dad 'lowed we'd git on to Placer-ville to-night, but the team's plum wore out, so I reckon we'll make out to stay right where we are, though it does look sorter like rain in the west."

"Dad," who seemed to be of a contemplative and philosophic turn, had lighted his pipe meanwhile and sat puffing peacefully away, looking far off toward the distant horizon, his bronzed face wearing as placid an expression as if he were under his own vine and fig tree, instead of on a lonely Western trail, with a jaded team, and night and a probable storm coming on. Helm was wondering whence Sal derived her warlike tendencies — surely not from this peaceful ancestor, presumably her father — when the boy cut short his reflections by announcing the approach of that redoubtable female herself.

Helm instinctively removed his hat as he turned, hoping devoutly that no mention would be made of the luckless dog till he had made good his retreat; but, unluckily, the animal no sooner espied the approaching figure than he ran to meet her, displaying his limp to the fullest advantage, with deliberate, malicious intent, Helm thought.

The girl — she could hardly have been more than nineteen — stooped at once to examine the wounded member; then,

lifting her eyes questioningly, her gaze fell on Helm, standing rather awkwardly holding his gun, and he saw that she took in the situation at once. She did not utter a word, but something in her glance made Helm uncomfortable, none the less because the eyes that looked at him accusingly were very handsome ones.

He saw, as she bent down, that she had a fine, strong profile — her profile was rather finer than her full face he afterwards discovered — and a straight, vigorous figure, whose unconscious grace and power Helm admired as she lifted her pail of water and moved toward the wagon without vouchsafing him further notice. Without a word she took from the wagon a rusty dipper, which she filled and offered to the man, who drank in long, eager gulps. Helm shifted his position uneasily. The silence was growing embarrassing and he was casting about in his mind for some propitiatory mode of address, when the boy broke in pacifically, —

"The dog aint hurt to speak of, Sal. 'Twuz only bird-shot."

"Indeed, I'm very sorry," said Helm, advancing with his most conciliatory manner, "I did not think — it was very careless of me — but really I regret it very much — I do, indeed. If I had known —"

To his surprise, Sal suddenly turned with a smile that made her face — a little heavy and sullen in repose — positively handsome. A dimple which seemed a trifle out of keeping with the rather severe cast of her features displayed itself, and Helm told himself that this girl whom he had previously thought merely strong and picturesque was something of a beauty as well. There was, however, a simple directness in Sal's gaze that discouraged even admiring scrutiny, and Helm, visibly embarrassed, continued to stammer his apologies. His evident contrition pleased and amused the girl, who at length broke into a laugh in which Helm and the boy joined, while the philosophic "Dad" smoked serenely.

"It's all right, Mister," the girl said at last, "I reckon he aint hurt much."

The girl's voice was deliciously deep and rich, and the drawl, which in the others Helm had found simply irritating, was in her charmingly restful.

"You are very kind," said Helm, delightedly, "much kinder than I deserve. Your brother" — with a note of interrogation in his voice — "tells me you think of camping here to-night; but there's a storm coming on and I fear you'll find it anything but pleasant." Then turning to the man, "My ranch is less than a mile from here and I think we could put you up comfortably there. We've plenty of room, and both my friend and I will be pleased to have you with us over night, Mr. —"

"Crenshaw," drawled the man, slowly, — "Crenshaw's my name. You're real clever, stranger, but I reckon we wont bother you. Me and Bud are used to roughing it, and I reckon Sal kin make out."

"But I assure you it will not give us the least trouble," said Helm, eagerly, and if I mistake not there's going to be a storm, and a pretty severe one, directly."

He pointed to the west where, the sun having gone down on a sky like a blood-stained shield, barred with gold, a dark cloud was fast spreading itself over the dying roseate glow. A strange amber light shone round them; little breezes shivered in the long, dry grass; the distant trees were bending and swaying in the wind, their leaves turning their silver linings upward to the breeze; while now and again the ominous growl of distant thunder was heard.

"Dad" smoked for a moment in meditative silence, with a reflective eye on the darkening clouds, and then said, "I reckon you're right, stranger. Hook up the team, Bud."

To Helm's utter surprise, Sal walked calmly to one of the grazing animals, led it to the wagon and began swiftly to arrange the dilapidated harness, while Bud on his side put in the other horse. Neither the boy nor his father seemed to find anything strange or unusual in the girl's action, but Helm, who was a Ken-

tuckian and chivalrous to the last degree, hardly knew what to do.

"Allow me," he began, awkwardly.

The girl, fastening the trace more deftly than Helm could have done, turned to him, saying quietly, "Much obliged. I'm about through, though." Then to the man, who had risen and was stretching his long limbs preparatory to action, "You kin drive ef you like, and Bud and I'll walk on."

Helm was charmed with this arrangement, though his rapture was tempered somewhat by a mental vision of Carter's expression when he should behold his recreant friend returning from the chase under convoy of a tattered, freckle-faced boy and a Diana-like young woman, with a dilapidated mover's wagon in his wake.

"He'll laugh, of course, confound him, but I suppose I'm in for it, and there's nothing to do but make the best of it," Helm thought.

"I don't think I have formally introduced myself as yet," he said aloud, as they walked on together. "My name is Helm — Bruce Helm — of Wild Goose Ranch, where my friend Carter and I keep bachelor's hall."

The girl smiled, but made no answer, and he went on, with a view to making conversation: "I mean to try to restore myself to Nep's good graces with an extra large bone to-night. Do you think that will have any weight with him?"

Sal's dimples again displayed themselves, while Bud showed all his large, equine teeth in polite appreciation of Helm's attempt at humor.

The air was close and oppressive, and the girl suddenly took off her broad hat, disclosing the fact that her hair was cut short, lying in loose curls about her face and giving her more the appearance of a handsome boy than the conventional young woman.

"Jove, she's handsome! — though she isn't my style," thought Helm as he looked at her. He had a marked predilection for the tender, clinging type of womanhood; and a dainty, timid, peachy-tinted bit of femininity appealed to him



far more strongly than classic features and Juno-like outlines. Still, he could not but admit the girl's picturesqueness and charm. Sal's conversational powers were evidently not in an advanced state of development, for she scarcely spoke except in monosyllables till they came in sight of the ranch.

The house was a sufficiently comfortable structure, with a wide veranda running about two of its sides, while back of it lay a long, low adobe building—the quarters of the rancheros.

Carter sat on the veranda, occupied precisely as his friend had pictured; and the expression of his countenance when he beheld the motley cavalcade fully justified Helm's anticipations. However, in spite of his dominating superciliousness, Carter's courtesy was his strong point, and hospitality is a fundamental principle in the West; so by the time his guests had reached the veranda, Carter had tossed his book aside and was advancing cordially to meet them.

Even as he stood upon the veranda step he was hardly taller than the girl, and the delicate hand he extended was scarcely larger than Sal's brown one. His fair hair was parted with precision in the middle, but one little blond lock curled tightly on his forehead. There was a general air of good society about him, of which even the easy, careless negligé he wore seemed to partake. His delicate fairness made the girl's large beauty seem a trifle coarse and overblown, Helm thought; but evidently no such idea entered Carter's mind. He looked at the girl with an interest not untempered by admiration as he set about making her comfortable. One of the rancheros cared for the jaded beasts, while Helm and Carter bestirred themselves on behalf of their guests.

They had but one spare chamber at the ranch, and it was decided after a brief consultation that the girl should have Carter's room, as more suited for feminine occupancy than this, or Helm's disordered den, which Carter agreed to share with him.

At a signal from Sal, as she retired to her improvised boudoir, Bud suddenly disappeared in the direction of the sheds where the wagon was stored, returning shortly bearing a small hair trunk, which he carried to the room assigned to the girl. Hence her hosts were hardly surprised when Sal appeared at supper arrayed in a skirt of some dark material and a vivid crimson silk waist, which, however questionable the taste which prompted it's assumption, certainly set off to advantage the girl's brunette beauty. The supper (dinner Carter always called it, insisting upon it's being served with an observance of form and ceremony most bewildering to Junta, the half-breed woman who presided over the Lares and Penates of the two young men) was a tempting one, and the hungry travelers did full justice to it, rejoicing, as the storm broke in all its fury, in the providence that had so sheltered them.

Afterward, in the anomalous apartment where the young men received, (Carter had begun by calling it the drawing-room, but it had deteriorated into "the den," and was constantly littered with whips, spurs, and other masculine belongings, in spite of Junta's efforts,) Carter played the violin for them.

Carter played exquisitely (it was one of the few things he took pains to do well) and, as the girl listened, the color flaming into her cheek and her dark eyes alight, she made a charming picture. When, at length, Carter laid down his bow, Bud, who had listened with rather patronizing interest, drawled slowly:

"Sal kin play the fiddle, too. She kin play most any tune she hears; can't you Sal?"

For answer the girl took the violin from Carter's hand, holding it tenderly, lovingly, and began to play. It was merely a trivial popular melody, which she had evidently picked up by ear, but she played with a fullness of tone and a freedom of bowing that indicated talent. Then, gently, as if loth to give it up, she laid the violin in its case, saying with a wistful sigh, "Oh, if I could only learn to play!"



"I wish I might have the pleasure of teaching you," Carter said with a note of tenderness in his voice that made Helm glance at him warningly. Then, at the girl's entreaty, he played again and again, till "Dad" was discovered sweetly sleeping in a corner and the young men found with compunction that it was ten o'clock.

When Sal found herself again in Carter's charmingly characteristic little room, she looked about her with an interest and curiosity which her former brief occupancy, during her hasty toilet, had not permitted her to indulge. It was hardly such an apartment as one would expect to find in the home of a New Mexico ranchman. Rich rugs were scattered about the polished, dark-stained floor. Bits of bric-a-brac stood here and there. A few good engravings and a number of bold sketches in black and white adorned the walls. The tennis racket he had used at Harvard, decorated with a huge crimson bow, hung over the table. A pair of foils were crossed above the chimney piece; while all about the room were scattered in lavish profusion photographs of actresses in studied attitudes, with corsets decolleté and skirts abbreviated.

The next day, which was Sunday, the young hosts insisted that their guests should remain with them instead of pushing on to Placerville, fourteen miles distant. They had guests so seldom, Carter said, that they liked to make the most of them. Crenshaw, nothing loth to spend the day on the breezy veranda with his beloved pipe, readily consented.

Leaving Crenshaw and Bud to the tender mercies of his friend, Carter proceeded openly to devote himself to the girl; bringing out for her entertainment the curios and photographs he had brought back from his sojourn abroad, regaling her with his choicest conversational efforts, and investing her with all sorts of charms and graces,—many of which existed only in his own fancy.

Like most men of small physique, he had a pronounced admiration for size and strength, and, looking at Sal's lithe, powerful figure, he mentally likened her to

Juno, to Diana, to Boadicea, and all the other heroines of antiquity of whom he could think at that moment. True, his admiration experienced a check when, at luncheon, he chanced to observe that his Dulcinea used her knife with a freedom not sanctioned in polite circles; but it revived when, as they sat together on the veranda that afternoon, she suddenly caught up Helm's gun which was lying near and brought down a hawk that was sailing slowly by, at a height which had made Carter think the shot an impossible one.

All through the day Carter hung about the girl with increasing fascination and an admiration so evident that Helm was not surprised when, as they sat smoking that night, after their guests had retired, Carter remarked, in a tone rather too elaborately indifferent, as he carefully knocked the ash from his cigar:

"Miss—er—Crenshaw is rather a fine woman, is she not?"

"Yes, rather," assented Helm, indifferently; "a trifle too large and highly colored for my taste, though. Conversation isn't exactly her strong point, so to speak, eh, old man?"

Carter smoked in silence for a moment, then suddenly burst out:

"Look here, Helm, I half believe I'm in love with that girl. I'm sick to death of the conventional, namby-pamby creatures one meets in society nowadays, and it's like a breath of fresh air to meet a woman like this one—simple, unaffected, untrammled by the restraints and conventions of society. I've been thinking all day how much happier a man could be with a woman of that kind than a simpering creature, all affectation, inanity and giggle—like Maud Waring, for instance. By Jove, Helm, she's a splendid creature! She walks like a goddess. You know those lines of Kipling's—I can't help thinking of them when I see her—'He trod the ling like a buck in Spring.'"

Helm shook with laughter.

"I'm afraid Miss Crenshaw wouldn't consider the quotation respectful, Carter.

Better stick to plain Anglo-Saxon, old man."

"Well, say Diana, then," said Carter, undaunted. "I can imagine her with bow and spear, returning laden with spoils from the chase."

"So can I," said Helm dryly, "rather better than in your mother's drawing-room, or at one of Mrs. Murray-Hill's receptions. Have you considered her grammar?"

"Oh, confound her grammar!"

"All right, if you like. *She* does, at any rate. But seriously, Carter, the girl is well enough in her own environment—among her native sage-brush and chaparral—but take her away and it would be another 'Lord of Burleigh' case."

Carter angrily flung his cigar away and began to pace the floor with strides as majestic as his limited stature would permit.

"It may seem a joke to you, old fellow," he said, "but I'll tell you, Helm, I'm in earnest this time."

"Yes, I know," said the unsympathetic Helm, "you are always in earnest—deeply, painfully in earnest—while it lasts. I remember at college you had a new whim every quarter. First it was the cornet, which you practiced with a persistence that nearly drove me— and all the other fellows in the building—mad; then you took to charcoal sketching and alienated all your friends by doing execrable likenesses of them; then it was entomology and I slept surrounded by beetles, centipedes and tarantulas till I was on the verge of D. T. You would always have a fad—this is your latest, Carter. Say, old man, to oblige me, couldn't you drop this and make it paleontology?"

Carter faced him angrily.

"You seem to give me credit for great tenacity of purpose," he said. "Will it convince you of my sincerity if I tell you that I have made up my mind to speak to Mr. Crenshaw in the morning and ask his permission to pay my addresses to his daughter?"

Helm was staggered. He had had no

idea that Carter was so much in earnest, and he realized that he himself was in some measure to blame, knowing that opposition only made Carter the more determined. The tradition of the man who made a fortune by confining himself strictly to his own affairs recurred to him with painful significance. He got up and walked over to Carter.

"I didn't mean to annoy you, Carter; on my honor, I didn't, and I beg your pardon." He held out his hand and, after a moment's hesitation, Carter put his delicate fingers into Helm's big brown paw. "If you are really in earnest, I haven't a word to say; but I wish you would promise me to wait a day or two, and then, if you feel as you do now about it, you can ride over to Placerville and have a talk with Crenshaw. I should feel better about it, and I don't doubt you would, too."

After a moment's consideration, Carter said slowly, "You're right, Helm; I'll wait a week and then I presume I'll be able to know my own mind." And with this promise Helm was fain to content himself.

The week that followed was rather an uncomfortable one for the two friends. An impalpable barrier had risen between them, and neither knew how to break it down. After the departure of the Crenshaws, being no longer under the spell of the girl's personality, the crudities of her speech and manner began to recur to Carter with painful distinctness. In remote perspective she seemed less and less attractive, and but for his promise to Helm he would willingly have let the matter drop; but Carter was one of those men to whom belief in the infallibility of their own judgment is as necessary as the air they breathe, and he would have married the Witch of Endor before he would have acknowledged his error.

Helm, for his part, was equally uncomfortable. He was sincerely fond of Carter, who, in spite of his arrogance and superciliousness, was scrupulously honorable, thoroughly gentlemanly, and even generous, and Helm realized that he was

sacrificing himself to an absurd, theatrical fancy. He longed to speak frankly to Carter, but knew he would only make matters worse, and he and his friend met with a constraint which had never before divided them.

It was, therefore, with a feeling almost of relief when one day, exactly a week after the departure of the Crenshaws, Helm saw his friend mount his horse and ride away in the direction of Placerville.

Carter would as soon have thought of appearing in a ball-room in a tennis blazer as of riding out in ordinary attire, and his immaculate gloves, riding boots and hat contrasted oddly with the rough and ready costumes of the cowboys and rancheros usually seen in that section. He rode on over the dusty trail, past monotonous stretches of chapparal and dry mesquite, looking, in spite of the dust and heat, as faultlessly and immaculately trim and elegant when Placerville appeared in the distance as when he left the ranch two hours before.

Suddenly, on the trail before him, he observed a figure which, even at that distance, he had no difficulty in recognizing as the subject of his then rather disagreeable meditations,—the girl, Sal. She wore the dress in which he had first seen her, and she had evidently been hunting, for a game-bag—by no means an empty one—hung over her shoulder, and she carried a gun with an ease that told of long usage.

Carter urged his horse forward and in

an instant was standing with uncovered head by her side. The girl turned toward him, her handsome face aglow with life and health,—a veritable goddess of the chase, he thought.

"I'm so glad to see you again," Carter found himself saying. "You don't know how dull and lonely the ranch has seemed since you left. I hope you have not quite forgotten us?"

The girl met his admiring gaze with simple directness.

"No," she said quietly, "you all were mighty kind to us."

"Kind!" he exclaimed, "It wasn't altogether kindness. Some day, perhaps,"—he checked himself abruptly, remembering his promise to Helm. "But I came over to-day to speak to your father, Miss Crenshaw. Do you think I shall find him in town?"

A puzzled look came over the girl's face. She looked at him questioningly for an instant, then suddenly a light broke in upon her.

"Ef you mean Crenshaw," she said in her slow, rich drawl, "he aint my father—he's my husband. I'm his second wife. Didn't you know?"

For an instant Carter stood looking at her with an expression that begs description. Then with an incoherent murmur about "seeing Crenshaw another time," he mounted his horse, and a moment later was riding swiftly in the direction whence he came.

## MUSIC.

MY HEART'S uneven pulse, to thee,  
Oh Music, yields a faultless, rhythmic motion!  
The queenly moon no firmer holds  
The rebel tides of wild and raging ocean.  
My ancient vows, my soul's forgot devotion,  
Are summoned forth from mildewed folds  
Of shrunken shrouds; a new emotion,  
A Spirit Holy thou awak'st in me.

*B. O. Aylesworth.*

## TOLD ON A HILL-TOP.

BY HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.

BECAUSE of the old man's cough, Myra's cousin, Francis, had sent him to Pierson.

Francis was a city missionary. He often remarked that a city missionary's work was a good deal like a wrecker's, — only the helpful and moral instinct replaced the sinister, and the *débris* was human. He occasionally sent some special bit of *débris* to his mother's farm in Pierson. The township was spiked with tall, odorous pines; its air was strong, spicy, good for laboring lungs.

All day long the old man sat on the back piazza facing the wide view of which the Browns, from father to son, had been justly proud. It was an undulating country, full of charm. To-day was always undoing the work of yesterday. If, yesterday, haze overhung the distant hills, making them appear large and blue, to-day the sun darted rays that emphasized stream and grove, and danced on the gray roofs of barns and houses miles away. Then the hills looked low, like green ridges in a ploughed field, in the spring.

But Uncle Ike's unaccustomed eyes did not distinguish between clumps of dark pines, streaks of white birches, patches of clear-green, quivering corn. The view puzzled him. To him it seemed vast, monotonous, inaccessible, green, green,—a huge, indistinguishable breadth of green. He missed the street sounds, the bustle of the big basement in which his life had been passed,—even the sarcastic chaff of the clerks. He thrust out his sharp knees the better to feel the sunshine; and his thoughts moved, squirrel-like, in the grooves of small anxieties. Certain resentments connected with work in the basement of Beesley Brothers, with his landlady's noisy children, with sundry too vivacious cats on the tenement-house slates, followed him even here, and min-

gled dreamily with worries over a bit of money stowed away in a tea-pot. None the less did the outlook impose itself upon him, as the sea will sometimes impose itself upon starved senses. It impressed him as a power, and he revered power.

Under the influence of the scene his thoughts by degrees took a wider range. He thought of his past. He was sparsely furnished with memories, and among them was only one that ever really stirred him. He dwelt chiefly on this now. Years ago its poignancy had kept him mentally alive; years ago, also, it had ceased to stab as it used, its intensity dulled, its edge blunted, by his mechanical mode of life. It had never left him, however, and now, strangely enough, in face of space and light and haze and sparkle such as the old man had never before known, the acuteness of this memory revived. Dozing in the blissful warmth, then suddenly opening his eyes on the Browns' famous view, he lived over a little drama of his own; hated the pressure of circumstances that had been like a vice upon him; rebelled even. Had the Reverend Francis known, he would have been troubled, annoyed perhaps; for he was of those who preach patience.

One day Uncle Ike glanced up from the old settle, on which he sat, and saw Myra Bates, the Reverend Francis' cousin, pass by. The girl was smiling for pure pleasure. Sketch block in hand, she was on her way to a little hill near the house. The block was an excuse. All she wanted was to get away, to meditate; for Myra was youthfully, happily, brilliantly in love. She was small and well-shaped, and—as sometimes happens with very young New England women—a dash of soft, blooming carmine was in her cheeks. Still more noticeable was the strong, untempered light of life in her young eyes.

This light, combined with her delicate bloom, made Myra charming that summer; though perhaps, in her rapt state, charming somewhat remotely, like a flower or a sunrise, with which we have no satisfactory means of communication.

Tastes differ, and, if the truth must be told, Aunt Patience Brown, for her part, characterized Myra's state of mind that summer as "aggravatin'." She confided this opinion chiefly to Hepzibah, her sharp-faced "help." The latter sympathized with the older woman. "Mercy me! Mis' Brown," it was her habit to conclusively remark, "*I* kin say all *I* want to a man insider five minutes."

Myra was sorry for her own abstraction from daily life, but she could not hold herself wholly responsible. It was all the fault of the music she was hearing. As she passed along the Pierson roads it drifted through the air. Over the softly undulating hills and down into the gently hollowed valleys it floated, now loud, now soft, but always close to her heart. What did it tell her? The charm of those delicious pre-nuptial strains was that she could never know just what they did tell her. This music passed her quick, glancing comprehension and escaped definition.

Myra could not tell Aunt Patience all this, so she liked to escape from her and from Hepzibah, to the fields, to her music. It was the thought of this prospective, delicate enjoyment that made her smile so brightly as she crossed the back piazza. The old man felt the genial warmth of her look as it rested upon him, as he might have felt an additional ray of sunshine. Yet the human glance had some mysterious, dynamic power, it appeared, for, when Myra reached the front gate, to her surprise she found the old man at her heels.

It was rather annoying. She paused and looked up and down the road. Then, like an escaping bird, she flitted a little way. When she paused and glanced again, however, "Francis' old man," as she called Uncle Ike, was leaning over the gate, blinking after her. He looked like an old dog, too lifeless to jump and

bark, but gazing solemnly after some retreating member of the family—asking leave to follow. Vaguely touched by his aspect, before she knew it Myra had given a little assenting nod; and he came on, his old hat in his hand. She would have immediately regretted her action, but that he fell behind her and followed her so silently, so mechanically, that her solitude seemed hardly broken. And she walked on, not minding that he had come.

By and by they struck off the road and slowly mounted the low, fern-grown hill that Myra had chosen. On the crest she scattered her sketching materials about her and sat down, her head resting against the trunk of a pine, her hands plunging into cushions of soft, green moss. Her pretty fingers looked very slim and white against the green; and George's little diamond, her one ornament, sparkled in the moss like a superlatively bright dew-drop.

She drew a long breath and looked with delight out over a pleasant, shallow valley. Down below she saw a little silvery pool, so choked with rushes that its waters looked like silver fish caught in a green net. There was a square of grass, where a man and two horses were busy with a mowing machine. The "click-click" sounded like the rhythmic note of a big insect. The grass went down in long, straight swaths, and the square slowly grew smaller. To the right, in a berry pasture, was a woman in a calico sunbonnet, the sunlight fiercely concentrated on her tin pail.

The old man also seated himself on the ground and gazed out over the valley.

Myra made up her mind to speak to him presently. Since he had come she wished to be kind, but she did not know just what to say to such a person. Moreover, for the moment, he seemed oblivious of herself. His effacement was so complete, in fact, that Myra could hardly help beginning to drift away from knowledge of him. Once more she stood on the threshold of her own enchanted world. The sunshine, the transparent air, the bird notes,—all conspired to help her to her own peculiar joy. Her round



throat began to expand with the blissful, deep breaths she drew, in response to her own imperious, interior music.

A rasping sound broke in upon her reverie. It was only the old man. He had coughed. The cough was quite free from a wish to attract attention, from personal suggestiveness; yet it had a suggestiveness of its own. It usually suggested dampness, cold, mould, the perversity of human lungs under such conditions,—it even suggested dying with a low rattle laboring in one's throat.

Myra turned to the old man with a little air of waking with unpleasant abruptness. There he sat, gazing over the valley. For the first time she considered him with all her intelligence in her bright eyes. The result was not pleasing. At first sight his aspect was not marked; but as Myra gazed she grew subtly conscious of an insignificance so intense as to be, after all, pronounced, almost aggressive. She first saw the greenish coat; the shrunken figure; the twisted face; the stubbly, unvenerable chin; the watery eyes wandering over the valley; then all these details fusing into one impression. The incongruity of so shriveled a personality in the face of Nature struck her with uncomfortable force. She regarded what she saw with a kind of naive incredulity, with a grieved air, as if some one had suddenly thrust unpleasant and unlikely news upon her. She suddenly remembered that Aunt Patience had said the old man was to leave Pierson the next day,—the very day on which George, her lover, was coming from the city to see her.

"Is your cough any better?" she asked, gently.

The old man turned his eyes. "Oh, middlin', middlin', Miss," he answered, in the veiled, uninflected voice of abstracted old age.

There was a pause. He did not seem eager to talk. Myra, however, persisted uneasily. "Perhaps it's too—too—damp for you here,—sitting on the ground?" she asked.

"Don't you be afeared o' *my* cough, Miss," he returned, somewhat testily;

"there's plenty has 'em. There's many a younger man nor me as coughs worse nor *I* do." He spat; and spoke of these younger men with an evident satisfaction which was not attractive. The clerks at Beesley's had chaffed him about a "church-yard cough," and he did not relish it.

"Where do you live?" Myra asked, abruptly, committing herself to the conversation.

"'Round the corner from Larch, back-end o' the court," said he, succinctly, "but I works at 319 Coventry. There's lots o' work in me yet," he went on more eagerly; then, broodingly, as if to himself,—  
"Maybe there'd be a deal more, a deal more, if it hadn't all happened as it did."

Myra just caught the last words. With a sense of relief she accepted their suggestion. The old man had a story,—shriveled personality that he was. Hepzibah had told her that he was alone in the world. Then some one had deserted him, disappointed him, when he was younger. Love was the one essential incident of life to Myra just then. To her mind the hypothesis of disappointed love almost felicitously accounted for the shriveled face, for the disagreeable apathy, even for the old clothes. He was poor, and doubtless very ignorant. It might be painful, but it would surely be very interesting to learn, even from this old man, how such things come about. She leaned forward, her eyes full of invitation. "What happened?" she asked, very softly, as if she feared to frighten the story away.

He looked up. His lip (puckered almost grotesquely) quivered a little, as might be expected when bitterness rises from the heart to the lips. It was a long time since he had repeated the tale. It had revived in him here in the country,—yet why should he tell it? The sun-saturated air was full of calm brightness; there was a patter of bird-notes in the pine boughs overhead; the young girl sat waiting, looking at him with increasing interest, a warm light in her beautiful,



wide-open eyes. And so Uncle Ike repeated his story.

"Fifty — years — ago —" he began, "fifty — years — ago — 'twas, — when it all happened." He paused.

The girl leaned further forward, with apprehensive sympathy.

"'Twas only a quarter," he went on, "only a quarter. A lady in a silk gown, she left it on the counter in the store where I worked, — by mistake. I puts it in the drawer. She was dressed rich, but yer can't allus tell. She come back that night an' goes straight ter the desk. Mr. Davis he come up — he never liked me, didn't Mr. Davis — an' he sez, *short*, 'Here's a lady lost her change.' I feels a buzzin' in my 'ead, — 'count o' his comin' 'round the counter. The drawer was ajar, an' the quarter a-lyin' there. 'Yer meant ter keep this, didn't yer?' sez he. I sez, stunned-like, sez I, 'Sir, I dunno, God help me, whether I meant ter keep it or not!' 'That's enough,' sez he, 'you kin go.'"

The old man's voice died away. Myra fairly stared. Was this the story? Quickly over at all events! But she experienced a feeling of blankness. She was naturally adaptable, however. She immediately strove to readjust herself to this anecdote, and to the situation it implied.

"You mean — oh, — he turned you off?" she said at last, in a bewildered way.

Then, further grasping details, her New England rectitude, which could see nothing ludicrous in the smallness of the sum involved, responded to the situation. This was only a question of common morality, after all. It would be a pity if one could not rise to *this*. Myra did rise to it.

"*Did* you mean to keep it?" she asked, solemnly.

The answer was as disconcerting as the recital had been. The old man almost snarled, "*Did* I mean ter keep it?" he cried, "*Did* I or *didn't* I? *Did* I or *didn't* I? Well, *that's* the pint! Ef I knowed myself I might tell yer. Yes, ef I knowed myself. As 'tis, I don't know, — not ter this day, — an' never shall know neither,

— never, never, never. Ef I don't know, not ter this day, how in the Lord am I *ever* goin' ter know?"

Myra leaned forward again, her lips parted, her pretty eyes fixed. "You don't *know* whether you meant to — to *steal* or not?" she cried, inquisitorily.

"The Lord strike me ef I do," he responded doggedly; "blessed ef I do. Mother said there was jest a quarter lack-in' ter the price o' that canary we was allus meanin' ter buy. We meant ter hang it over the winder plants. But to be sure my wages, they was due that next day. Blessed ef I know!"

"Oh!" cried Myra, appalled.

Then, with a strange mixture of pride and querulousness, "'Twas mother's fault, all mother's," he said. "She was English, mother was. She'd brought me up honest, she had. I jest blurted it right out. 'Sir,' sez I, 'I dunno, God help me, whether I meant ter keep it or not.' 'That's enough,' sez he, short, like a steel trap, 'you kin go.'"

There was a pause, then the veiled old voice went on again. "Mother, she fell away. She was fleshy ter start with, was mother; but she fell away. 'Twarnt long afore it got ter be charity or starve, an' a pauper funeral for her, — that's what I calls it. I was nigh onter the same myself by the time I got inter Beesley's basement. They *knowed*, I guess. Oh, sure 'nuff, they *must* ha' knowed. I'd been about so much. They done it ter git me cheap, they did. That's what they *done* it fur."

There was another pause. Then the voice continued: "I mind me o' one place I went ter. Purty nigh desprut I was. 'Why did yer leave?' sez they. 'I stole,' sez I. It was one o' them days when I was nigh crazed with it all, an' thought I *must* ha' meant ter. A gentleman at a desk, a young gentleman he was, he turned round. 'You're the first honest man I've seen fur an age,' he sez, sez he; and he give me a dollar. He was the only one as thought I was honest," mused Uncle Ike.

"You might have gone away," cried Myra, with youthful intolerance of the

pitiful nightmare that had pursued him. She now asked herself if people's fates should hang on merely letting a quarter lie in a till. At the same time she felt that there was possibly a lurking immorality in such a question.

"Go away? I hadn't nowheres to go ter," he answered; "nowheres ter go ter, nor no money, nor no references nowheres,—an' you've *got* ter hâve 'em, you have. There was the one from the rector I'd brought over from the old country. They'd forgot ter give it me back. 'You'll get plenty more in this country, an' better too,' sez mother then. An' afterwards I darsn't ast for't. And they wants 'em everywheres. Ay, ay, yer can't git away from 'em, go *where* yer will. An' as ter marryin'," he added, as an afterthought, "there warnt never on'y enough for me."

And this was the only mention of love in the old man's story.

Uncle Ike had evidently not been one to force fate. He had once found himself irretrievably lost in a reference-requiring world, surrounded by an inflexible, industrial network from which was no escape,—not at least for such as he. He had felt this so keenly that, as he spoke, his grim conception of the situation troubled the imagination of the girl before him. She sat looking at him with anxious, strained eyes. She realized his feebleness. He must always have been feeble; and she wondered how it must feel to be weak,—and to be caught in a social machinery like that. Suddenly she felt as helpless as he.

"I've stayed on—an' on—an' on," his hopeless voice was saying; "but will they raise on yer onless yer so much as ast for't? Not *much*. They all ast; I never did. Whenever I thought ter, it all come back ter me. I see myself in the streets,—a-goin', an' a-goin', up an' down, up an' down. An' I've stayed on ever sence. 'What references?' they'd say. 'Explain-in's all very well,' they'd say, 'but stealin's stealin',' they'd say."

The dread that this would be said to him again, after so many years, in his old age, was an insane fear with the old man.

Myra sat quite still, while, with lack-luster eyes and mumbling lips, her companion looked over the valley. The mowing machine had cut all the grass and with its "click-click" was crossing the field, the horses casting elongated, goblin-like shadows. In the berry-pasture the woman with the sunbonnet was climbing over the bars to go home. The afternoon was perceptibly waning.

"Ef I on'y knowed," he muttered, "ef I could on'y live it all over agin an' know whether I meant ter or not!"

A patter of bird-notes came again. In the field the man with the mower was opening a gate. A butterfly hung over a budding golden-rod near them. It moved languidly as if it felt the day was advanced and it was already chilled by oblique sun-rays.

The tensivity of the old man's gaze suddenly shifted. His head sunk forward almost to his bent knees. Then Myra rose and went over to him. She put one hand on his matted, yellowish-white shock of hair,—he had sat uncovered to enjoy the sunshine,—then she laid the hand on his shabby shoulder.

"Don't, *don't*," she said softly. She used such a tone—half a caress, half a command for self-control—as a mother might use toward a child. She could not bear to see him bowed down. She had never talked to any one religiously. She was fresh from school and it had always been her part to listen to religious teaching; but she tried to speak now. "Perhaps—in some other world—we may know—*everything*—" she began, diffidently, then stopped, oppressed by what she was trying to say. Oh, if Francis were only here! She did not know that to Francis the story would not have been told. The old man was not ungrateful to the Reverend Francis, but the mistake of his youth had been repeated only to the girl's bright eyes, to the space, to the sunshine all around him.

He looked up at her. "The other world?" he said, with biting shrewdness; "yes, yes,—the other world. They all say it's a good place,—but the Lord

knows ef I ever hearn two of 'em tell the same story about it twicet."

He gazed out over the valley. Again he seemed absorbing the sunshine, with his former, half apathetic enjoyment.

"Well," he went on, slowly, "well, the Lord *He* knows things ought ter be better,—yes they ought. The Lord knows this world is a bad un."

There was no longer any passion in his tone. He had passed from the personal. He even seemed appeased by the space over which he gazed. The girl, however, was almost frightened. She hastily picked up her block and color-box. For a moment he did not appear to see that she was going; then he stiffly rose, and followed her dumbly as before. When they reached the road they found it bathed in the cool shade of the hill they had just left. Myra shivered as she crossed it.

"What *does* ail yer, Myra?" said Aunt Patience that evening. "You look all tuckered out."

"I was thinking, Auntie, about—a—a—riddle," said Myra, hastily.

"Nothin' like that one that friend o' Francis's told *me*, I hope," said Aunt Patience, fervently. "'Twas something about a blind beggar had a brother. It did worrit me so in the meetin' thet I asked for the answer the minnit we got home. But I couldn't remember it now,—not to save me. That's the way with those things."

"No, it's not exactly a blind beggar, Auntie," said Myra, dreamily. She was rebelling with all her heart against what the old man had seemed to tell her of life.

Next day she drove him to the station. He was absorbed in some packages spread on his knees. They were perquisites from the farm,—among other things a pair of boots from Hepzibah, who was charitable in her way. From time to time he tried the string fastenings with greedy anxiety. Then he looked at the roadside in dull abstraction, his lips pursed. "Perhaps he would have kept it," thought Myra, as she glanced at him.

It was a beautiful day. Great cottony rolls of clouds lay in the sky. They lay

perfectly still, and between them stretched sunny intensities of blue.

Myra wished to say something, to make some suitable, half-chiding, half-sympathetic allusion to the scene on the hill-top; but she found no word.

At the station the old man gave her an abstracted "Thank ye kindly, Miss," with that air of unemotional indifference acquired by persons of whom the world habitually makes little. She jumped from the buck-board, however, and dropped the weight in the trampled mud beside the platform.

They had several moments before them. No one was visible. The pine grove opposite the station gave out a strong, resinous odor. The old man sat down on the wooden bench against the shingled wall of the station, and for the hundredth time fumbled in his pocket for the return ticket which the Reverend Francis had given him. Myra walked up and down once or twice. Then she stopped before the old man.

"I am sorry, *so* sorry!" she said. She spoke in a kind of passionate murmur.

Uncle Ike looked up dully; then his face changed. "Yes, yes; I've had a hard life," he said, eagerly.

"If there was only something I could *do*," said the girl. "Would it be any comfort to you to know—that I *thought* of you, sometimes? Or I could write; or—or I have a paper s-nt me. I could send it to you."

She suddenly remembered that the paper in question was a "Home Circle" journal, with fashions and recipes in the back. George sent it to her.

Tears slowly filled her eyes. The old man's eyes slowly filled also. He was dazed by the prospect of the journey; and he had not distinctly followed what she said; but the vibrations of her voice brought the tears. The train thundered up. Myra was rather timid at such junctures, but she seized the old man's bundles and clambered into a car with him. Before she hurried out she arranged the parcels on his seat, and laid her two hands on the old, trembling ones that

were already fingering the string fastenings again. As the train puffed away she caught a glimpse of the old, pinched profile framed in the oblong of the car-window.

She drove back slowly. She found nothing of the old man's story to repeat to Aunt Patience and Hepzibah.

That evening George came; George with his clear-cut, good-looking face, resolute, not yet grown assertive,—a face under the spell of a great tenderness. Myra was under the same spell. Yet when she thought to tell George about

the old man a sudden doubt invaded her. Was it possible that George would laugh? While she hesitated he told her a great many beautiful things, and she felt the impression of the old man's story slowly, slowly drifting from her. That night she went to sleep floating on a crimson stream of happiness; and the waves sang and sang. Only now and then was she conscious of a faint discord, a slight jar that pierced the harmony, and, half-asleep, she drowsily sighed and wondered whence it came.

## TITLING AND TRUCKLING.

SHOUT, ye of all classes, high, middle and low!  
Sing, birds of the air! Bellow, beasts of the field!  
Praise the gods for the boon that on you they bestow—  
One more noble mendicant finds himself "heeled"!

Matilda Jane Kwiteritch, with millions to spare,  
With papa's bank account to these latitudes lured  
The Marquis de Wadhunter, suave, debonaire;  
He a fortune has snared, she a title secured.

Whited sepulcher hearts, brains of cobweb and mush,  
Divine catalepsies of ecstasy know;  
The newspapers reek with long columns of gush  
Keyed up to "Good form!" "What a lovely trousseau!"

Why shouldn't we Yankees be grateful and glad,  
Cheers and pride split our windpipes and fracture our sides,  
Though mean Rumor hints of a sordid old dad,  
And a debt-blasted manor a background provides?

We will not allow such reflections to rob  
Of its edge our keen zest for these prime mental feasts,  
But with dude, Anglomaniac, parvenu, snob,  
Fall down at the altar of Shoddy's high priests.

Let us each thank his stars that remote as the poles  
Is our use for all Worth that's not spelt with a "cap";  
Give thanks from the depths of our mankin souls  
That we've some barrels left yet for lordlings to tap!

But tell me, ye mongers of toadyish rot,  
If by some occult necromancy to-day,  
They should as plain mortals appear again, what  
Would Jefferson feel and George Washington say?

Our forefathers won the applause of mankind  
Because they cut loose from such baubles as these;  
Was it all to the end that, weak, stunted and blind,  
When a princeling takes snuff we must all of us sneeze?

From the rock of Time leapt, at the vigorous raps  
Of their Aaron's rod, streams of democracy's fire;  
Now back to these cesspools of folly we lapse  
As the porker returns to its bath in the mire.

Oh, shade of John Hancock! with what fatal twinge  
Disappointment would drive old Diogenes hence,  
Should his lamp on America's darkness impinge,  
In search—not of honesty this time, but sense!

John Talman.

## AUGUST KOCSURIK'S RIDE.

By WILLIAM HAYWARD.\*

ON TWO Minnesota hillsides, separated by a narrow valley through which the road runs, stand two farm-houses. One of these, the home of Aaron Beeson, is a large, well-built house, evidently the home of some prosperous farmer. Beyond it appear the extensive cattle-yards and barns, the thrifty groves of trees, and the thousand acres of fertile, well-tilled valley and hillside which surround it.

The second house bears quite a contrast to the first. It is a mere shanty built of upright boards, unpainted and weather-stained, with rough battens covering the cracks. The shingles on the roof curl at the ends, telling of years of battle with sun and storm. The little half-sash windows, placed high in the sides, need but the addition of bars to make them look like prison openings. Even in this, the gray light of a winter's day, the dwarfed cornstalks and weak stubble protruding through the snow, on the little patch of ground surrounding the house, show a lack of fertility, a barrenness of soil. This is the home of John Kocsurik.

"'Pears like as though there's a storm brewin' in the northwest, Matilda," said Aaron Beeson, as he stood before a window in his house, looking out. After a few moments' meditation he turned his sharp, shrewd, weather-beaten face within, lighted his pipe with a self-satisfied air, and, as the smoke ascended toward the ceiling in small clouds, added, "What if it do storm!—we're comfortable—eh, wife?"

"Yes, we're comfortable, Aaron—" his wife replied, as she busied herself with household affairs, but her voice had less of the cheery, self-satisfied ring than had her husband's, and her face showed less hardness, less shrewdness, more kindness of heart. For a moment she

faltered, her lips parted, then closed, then parted again. At last she caught her husband's eye in all its coldness; then she shut her lips tightly and, reaching for a broom, began to sweep.

"You intended to say somethin' an' didn't; what skeert you, Matilda?" Aaron Beeson withdrew his pipe from his lips and looked quizzically at his wife.

"Wall, I've been thinkin' an' a thinkin', Aaron—"

"It's about the Kocsuriks again, of course!"

"Yes, it's about the Kocsuriks. Do you know that ever since John Kocsurik an' his wife started for town this morning that storm-cloud's been risin' higher an' higher, an' there in that shanty is August an' little Annie all alone,—a boy of thirteen to care for a girl of six, an' them with nothin' but a cold bite for dinner, an' a blizzard apt to break over us any minute! Aaron, if you could quit hatin' that family for a little while, I'd ask a favor of you, as your wife—"

"An' what might that favor be, Matilda?" the muscles of the man's face jerked nervously as he asked the question.

"To bring the two children here an' care for 'em till the father and mother return. Do let me, Aaron!"—and the wife, with hands clasping her broom-handle, looked pleadingly into her husband's face.

"That request o' yourn aint in reason, since all's been said and done that has been."

"The children aint done you any harm, Aaron,"—his wife looked less timidly at her husband than before—"an' as for the man an' his wife—why, they've been troublesome, of course—but that's—but that's all—savin' your hate!"

\*Author of "The Hegerland Diamond." In THE MIDLAND of February and March. 1886.



"Savin' my hate? Has a man got to sit quietly down an' see another man's cattle eatin' his corn, another man's hogs in his potatoes, another man's turkeys in his garden, has he? Has he got to sit quietly down an' have his hay stole, his horses crippled, his pastures fired, his trees barked, his fences cut, his wheat stole from the granary and carried off by the sackful? Has —"

"But, Aaron, how do you know the Kocsuriks have done all this? Much that you're a-chargin' them with was done before they moved in there —"

"How do I know? Because there aint anybody round here mean enough to do such things but that Bohemian an' his family. No! I say no, Matilda! Listen! A little over a year ago I bought the mortgage on the Kocsurik farm —bought it and foreclosed it. To-day's the last day he's got for redemption under the mortgage sale. To-morrow the sheriff'll make me a deed to the place—an' the day after, out they all go! You don't know what Kocsurik went to town for to-day, do you? Well, I do—he went to try to negotiate a new loan on his farm, to pay me off. Will he succeed? Every money-lender in Stebbinsville's against him! That forty's mine an' yourn to-morrow."

"Not yourn an' mine, but yourn—wholly yourn. I'll have no interest in it, an' may God be more merciful to you than you are to them you're turnin' out o' doors! Aaron Beeson,"—the wife raised her voice—"you don't hate the Kocsuriks as much as you hanker for that barren little farm of theirs. You've turned more'n one man out of his home by loanin' him money an' then takin' his acres. If it warnt for such graspin' men as you there'd be no socialists in this country. I'm goin' to pray hereafter that God may let you know the pleasure of givin' as well as the pleasure of takin'." The wife left the room, weeping.

"It's curious how sentimental a woman can get over a lot of moneyless furriners—curious," mused Aaron Beeson, as he relit his pipe and donned his greatcoat

preparatory to going forth to care for his stock. "Matilda's a good woman, but she aint got good sense—not good business sense. She couldn't make money enough to pay for a forty in a thousand years, and if she did succeed then, the first lazy fellow that came along an' asked for pity would get it, an' her money too. That all comes of goin' to church an' gettin' religion, an' readin' so many books. Of course the Kocsuriks aint so black as I've painted 'em, but they're bad enough—an' I want the land. Here's a pretty pickle—me a workin', an' a workin', to get more land, an' Matilda a pullin', an' a pullin', agin me just because my acquirin' turns some lazy dog out of doors. She's a curious woman—curious—curious! I've been married to her over twenty years, but she's a riddle yet."

The morning had been a typical one for January in the Northwest. It was cold—very cold—notwithstanding the fact that the sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky. Snow which had fallen the previous evening covered the ground, and the sunbeams made the crystals sparkle like diamonds. A little before noon the wind had changed suddenly from southeast to northwest. It was blowing hard now—increasing—each successive gust seeming more powerful, more fierce, than its forerunner, and scarcely had the wind changed before the ragged, uneven tops of black, threatening clouds began to show above the horizon in the west and northwest. They rose so rapidly that one could liken them to nothing but foes that had lurked in ambush, waiting for the signal to start, and now that the signal had been given, were answering with a mad onrush.

As the clouds rose higher and spread to the southwest, the sun became obscured, the day grew darker. The light snow was lifted into the air by strong gusts of wind and sent beating against all obstructions, to be driven back and fall again in great drifts in sheltered places. The wind shrieked as it battled against the angles of houses; it moaned as it rushed



against the naked limbs of trees and crashed them together. In that part of the sky which was not obscured pale stars appeared, but they shone without luster—the black battalions of cloud which were so swiftly spreading must soon hide from the world even their pale light. Night was coming before its hour,—night of storm—night of death.

Within the Kocsurik hut the boy August was standing on a chair before one of the windows opening toward the north. He shaded his dark eyes with his right hand while peering out, trying to look beyond the sheets of driving, blinding snow that came whirling against the window—trying, only to fail—and a troubled look rested on his dark, boyish features. His left arm encircled a sweet-faced little girl, who pressed closer and closer to him as the roar of the storm increased.

"You not see them, August?—fadder—mudder?" asked the girl, with upturned eyes. Her lips twitched as if she were about to cry.

"No, Anna, but fadder—mudder come—maybe dey bring Anna a doll. There, Anna, stop crying!" and the manly little fellow stooped to kiss the girl's cheeks, and wound his arm more affectionately around her.

"Me cold; me want fadder and mudder!" The girl's voice was broken—she was sobbing.

"August put more coal in the stove—fadder and mudder come!" and the boy, stepping down, kissed her cheek again and drew the little form to himself lovingly.

There was a sound without as though someone had fallen against the door. The girl uttered a scream as the boy drew his arm from around her neck and took his stand in front of her. He assumed a defiant, combative attitude. His eyes shone in the partial darkness, the features of his face were rigid, and if his doubled fist and outstretched arm trembled, it was from excitement, not fear.

"Open the door!" called a voice from without. There was a sound of someone rising.

"That not you, fadder—mudder?"

"No, August, it's me—Mrs. Beeson. I slipped and fell just as I was going to knock. Let me in please?"

August opened the door and Mrs. Beeson stepped within. She was white with snow and her face was pale and troubled.

"Somethin' dreadful has happened—don't cry, Anna,—don't cry,—August. Mr. Beeson has been kicked by a horse,—his leg is broken, and I fear he is injured internally. O, August! I'm afraid he's dying—*dying*! I must have a doctor if it's possible. Our men are all away from home and I've come to plead with you to go. It's only four mile to Doctor Farley's, at Round Hill; that's due south, an' the storm'll be with you all the way. You shall have our Kitty an' the cutter."

"Me leave Anna? No!" said the boy, as he threw his arms around his sister.

"But Mr. Beeson may die if you don't. Oh, *do* go! Leave Anna with me; I'll wrap her in my shawl an' take her home. Just think, August, you may save my husband's life!"

"Yes," said the boy, still clasping his sister, a look of defiance in his face, "me save Mr. Beeson's life,—Mr. Beeson that foreclose the mortgage on our home—Mr. Beeson that force my fadder and mudder to go to town to try to save the home! Where my fadder and mudder now? Why does Mr. Beeson call my fadder 'thief' when he don't steal? Why—no, I stay with Anna!"

"Oh, don't refuse to go, August!" pleaded the distracted woman. "I know Aaron's been cruel to you, an' I'm sorry for it. But it aint me, August; I've always had a warm spot in my heart for you all, an' it's me that's pleadin' for you to go. Think of my helplessness before you say no—there aint another person within two miles. Look, August, I ask you on my knees to go—an' I'll pray God to keep you from all harm while you're away!"

"I'll go—I'll go for *you*, Mrs. Beeson," and the little man withdrew his arms from his sister. "Come, Anna, you go with

Mrs. Beeson, while August harnesses the horse. Don't cry, little sister; August be back—fadder—mudder coming."

"You can't go, August!" cried the child. But the boy had taken his cap and greatcoat and plunged into the storm.

August was soon on the road. It did not take long for this child of the prairie to harness the horse, to grasp the lines with a firm hand and be off. With a nature inured to all the hardships of life in the Northwest, aided by a determination beyond his years, he plunged into the storm and darkness without thought of danger to himself. The snow curled around him in great white waves, silvering his hair, filling his eyes, covering his horse with a mantle of white. The wind resounded with mournful, piteous sighs through the darkness, driving the snow with all its force against his back; it rose in the air, forming fleecy clouds that fell by the roadside in uneven drifts like tossed and tumbled seas—or in hollow caverns and mimic mountains of white.

This boy knew the road he was to travel as the Indian knows the forest path—but where was that road! The world was a world of snow—wind—and night! Houses, groves, fences, rows of standing cornstalks, fields of stubble, bridges, light of stars,—all were hidden. There were no familiar objects to guide him, no sounds on which he could rely for direction.

Kitty, a noble animal, pressed forward at a good rate of speed, notwithstanding the drifts through which she had to pull the cutter, and the spots bare of snow on which it dragged with a sharp, grating sound. Young as he was, August seemed to realize that he must be careful, but the undaunted look on his face proved he did not realize the peril of his situation; an older face would have blanched at the thought of upturned sleigh, of horse and rider falling into some ditch or over some bridge. Any one of these disasters meant death to the boy—but of this he thought not.

Firmly he guided the horse with the storm. He knew that Round Hill was

directly south of the spot from which he had started, that it was quite a village, and that the road, if kept, would carry him through it. When he had gone a little over half-way he began to scan the circling wind-driven clouds of snow on either side for village lights, for roofs snow-covered. In sounds made by the wind he imagined he heard distant voices and the barking of dogs, but they were far away—so far away.

Another mile or more has been covered, but a change has come over the boy. He still holds the reins with steady grasp, but his eyes are half-closed. He has ceased to feel the cold—a few minutes before, he was numb with it. He has ceased to trouble as to whether Round Hill is near or far. He has forgotten Doctor Farley even. In imagination he wanders by murmuring streams, beneath shady trees. Over his shoulder is his gun; by his side are his playmates. A squirrel runs up a tree and flattens itself on a limb. His gun is at his shoulder—there is a report—the squirrel falls! Oh, the joy! The boy halloes to his companions to come and see the squirrel.

"Whoa!" A strong hand grasps the horse's bit; a man with a kind face looks into the sled, lifts out the boy and carries him into a room. "Snow! pans full of it—and spirits as hot as they can be taken—this child is nearly frozen to death!" calls the man to those around him, as he pulls off his coat, rolls up his sleeves and goes to work. The labor is not lost, for after a time the eyes open—the boy's lips part.

"Who are you?" he asks, wonderingly.

"I am Doctor Farley. Who are you, my brave lad?"

"Doctor Farley, I come for you—Mr. Beeson dying—you must go dere quick!" then he relapsed into unconsciousness.

"Then you think I'll get well, Doctor?"

"Yes, but I was not an hour too soon. Had August not come and the storm abated you would not have recovered; but you must not talk."

"Just a few words to you an' my wife,

Doctor, an' I'll be still. The boy'll get well?"

"Oh, yes. Except for a frozen nose and a frozen toe or two, he is well now. That boy's got grit, Beeson, or he never would have undertaken that ride."

"Say, Matilda!" Aaron Beeson turned to his wife who, with the doctor, stood at his bedside. "Send a message to the sheriff that I want that deed made to John Kocsurik; an' as for that boy, I

don't want to take him from his parents, but I want to adopt him like, an' let him live with them. You an' the doctor might kinder settle on some school of learnin' to send him to—pick out one where somethin's taught besides the love of money. Some school that teaches your doctrine that there's pleasure in givin' as well as pleasure in takin'. You aint a riddle any more, Matilda! Now I'll rest better."



## CUT-FACE—A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By F. W. CALKINS.

**A**MONG the families living near the Lower Agency in Southwestern Minnesota, and involved in the frightful Sioux massacre of 1862, was that of Jacob Islander—husband, wife and six children, of which only two—the oldest boys, "Hank" and "Jake"—escaped.

These two boys were saved through the determined efforts of Cut-Face, a friendly sub-chief, and frequent visitor at the Islander cabin. This good Indian, with several others, tried to stem the tide of slaughter, and succeeded at the risk of his own life in saving a number of persons from the merciless rifle and hatchet of his fellows.

The work of Cut-Face and the friendly Standing Bear—*Ta-tanka-Nazin*—and John Other Day—who, unaided, saved the lives of sixty white people, getting them into a fortified house and furnishing them arms and ammunition—did something, at least, to redeem the awful cruelty of those August days of '62. The massacre began on the morning of the 18th, war parties setting out in every direction from the Agency, and falling upon the helpless, unsuspecting settlers at their work in house or field.

All the night before, Cut-Face had labored with his band and others to dissuade them from attacking the settlements. At other points *Ta-tanka-Nazin* and Other Day had done the same; but their efforts

were unavailing, even with members of their own families.

In the morning the good chief saw the war parties of his tribe, which had gathered to the number of many hundreds, swarming in every direction, and, learning that a small band had gone in the direction of the Islanders,—"*Oo lan-nahs*," he called them,—he took his gun, mounted a pony, and rode swiftly after them.

He was too late to save the lives of the father and mother and the smaller children—all shot down in, or just outside, their own cabin—all but Hank and Jake, boys of twelve and fourteen years, who had been sent to drive some cows across a creek nearly a mile distant.

The lads were in the creek bottom when the shooting occurred at their home. They heard the firing but supposed it was at the Agency, where the Indians often amused themselves shooting at a mark. They were returning to their home, and the cowardly assassins, with ponies hidden behind the building, were rifling the house and lying in wait for them, when Cut-Face came upon the scene.

The chief saw what had happened, rode past the house and met the boys upon the prairie. There, in his Indian fashion, he told them what had been done, ordered them to walk close beside his pony, and, guarding them with his gun, conducted

them to the Agency by a roundabout trail, which led through the tall grass and timbered bottom-lands of the Minnesota River.

After days of wretched captivity, the boys with nearly two hundred others, —mostly women and children — were rescued by Colonel Sibley's command at Camp Release.

At this point, the Islander boys parted with their good friend Cut-Face — *Feto Bagata*. They did not see him again for nearly ten years. Then, again, —which is the strange incident of this story — they met him when in extreme peril, and received a no less service at his hands than he had rendered them at the Lower Agency.

After the massacre, the Sioux were beaten back by troops, and the remnants of the Agency tribes removed to reservations on the Missouri. This movement included both hostile and friendly Indians, except that two small bands, the *Sissetons* and *Wahpetons* — Upper Agency Sioux — were allowed to remain upon a small reserve west of Big Stone Lake in Dakota. For some months after the Indian trouble had subsided, young Jake and Henry, or "Hank" Islander were given a home in the family of a farmer near Fort Ridgely. Their own home had been burned down, and the only property that remained to them was a yearling mule colt which the Sioux had left at large and unharmed, and some steel traps which had been tucked away in an old dug-out root cellar.

During the two years they had lived near the Agency the boys had spent much of their time in the fall and spring months trapping for mink and muskrat.

In the spring of '63 they rigged a harness and two-wheeled cart for their mule, and set out upon a trapping expedition. Thereafter, for a period of years, they followed fur and feather hunting, and finally began trading annually among the Upper Sioux and the Chippewas and settlers of Northern Minnesota. While yet in their teens, in fact, these boys became successful traders in a small way. Their

outfit was increased to a stout mule team, a snug covered wagon, two or three riding ponies, with necessary equipments, arms and ammunition, and the trinkets and trading goods usually carried by fur dealers among the Indians and on the frontier. The territory over which they roamed was an empire in extent, but Indian fightings and hostilities had been removed to the region of the Missouri River and the great plains and broken country beyond.

It was not until the summer of 1871 that they, unluckily, ventured into the haunts of Little Crow's malcontents, on the Missouri Reserve. They knew perfectly at the time that there was risk in doing so, that more than one trader, trapper and adventurer had gone among these savage tribes, of whom no word or trace had ever come back to post or settlement. But their knowledge of the Sioux habits and language gained in long intercourse with the friendly *Sissetons* and *Wahpetons*, and the prospect of big profits to be gained at the villages of the semi-hostiles tempted them. So one June morning found them well equipped for a trading expedition, with a string of lead ponies at the rear of their wagon, — for the Indian loves to "swap" horses, — trading along the old military road which traverses the rich bottom lands of the Yankton Reserve.

They passed through this Reserve safely enough, as the Yanktons under the surveillance of Fort Randall seldom dared to molest the whites who came among them. All along their route the wasted energies and bounties of the government were observed. Comfortable log houses had been erected and farm machinery had been furnished in the hope of inducing the Indians to grow crops and become self-supporting and civilized. But the houses, most of them, stood vacant, with smokeless chimneys. Wagons, mowers, plows and other farm implements lay scattered about, broken and dilapidated, many of them deliberately knocked to pieces to procure iron for making the savage tools and weapons of the Indian.

The Indians said it gave them coughs to live in the wood houses, and that they could not plow among the trees and the grass roots. They lived in their skin *tipis* and drew their rations from the Agencies as of old. The squaws cultivated small patches of corn and melons, and the bucks occasionally went on hunting expeditions to the buffalo country, or raided the stock ranges still farther west.

Among these Indians the Islander boys trafficked for several days, purchasing tanned buffalo robes, beaver, musk-rat and wolf skins, in exchange for tobacco, knives, hatchets, beads and trinkets. Occasionally they "swapped" ponies with the Indians, always giving some small property as boot money, and bettering themselves in getting spotted or handsome animals which would "match up" and sell well in Minnesota towns.

They were compelled, though, to keep close eye upon their stock and the wagon to prevent thieving. They took turns doing guard duty at night and in sleeping in the wagon while *en route* to make up for this loss of rest. This vigilance was increased as they advanced to the towns and villages above the military post.

In order that their mission might seem to be, what it was, entirely peaceful, they carried no weapons in sight, save their revolvers and a shot-gun with which they killed small game for camp use. In the bottom of their wagon box, however, concealed, for emergency, were a couple of magazine rifles with plenty of ammunition. Their guns were kept close at hand during the night by whichever one of them occupied their bed in the wagon.

No difficulty arose until they reached a *Wape-Kuta* village at the mouth of Platte Creek, some fifty miles above Fort Randall. Here they arrived about noon, after spending several days among the lower tribes. As at other points, several vacant log buildings stood scattered about and the Indians inhabited a group of skin lodges.

Among the Sioux who, upon learning their errand, gathered about their wagon, they noticed, with the others, several

familiar faces,—three or four Indians and a squaw who had been frequent visitors at their early home in Minnesota. Not wishing to renew the acquaintance, for fear some trouble might arise, the brothers disguised, as they had agreed in such an event, their knowledge of the identity of these Indians. As for themselves, they felt secure from detection; they had grown from slender boys to stout, bearded men, neither of them much resembling their father as they remembered him.

Some score or more of the Sioux, old and young, clustered about their wagon and ponies, jabbering and commenting in Indian fashion, while Jake and Hank talked, in the Sioux tongue, with two or three of the head men, smoking the pipe of amity, and arranging for barter and trade.

As usual, these Indians wanted to "swap" ponies with them, and it was finally arranged that the white men should go into camp in a bend of the creek, a few hundred yards above the *tipis* of the Sioux. In the meantime the chief, who, of course, must be dealt with first, would send across the river for his pony herd, which contained, according to his account, many fine animals. In fact, when this old fellow learned that the traders were after spotted horses, he declared that all his herd were spotted, and possibly they all did have spots on them, though Jake and Hank were destined never to see the animals.

As the white men moved away from the Sioux encampment they noticed a lame old Indian, whom they had known well at the Lower Agency in the days before the massacre,—*Ilu-ka-ha*, "The Beggar,"—talking earnestly and even excitedly with some bucks near one of the *tipis*. Supposing him to be discussing the prospects of trade or the merits of their ponies, Hank and Jake drove on to the point selected for their camp. They halted their wagon and made camp on the bank of the creek, where wood was handy, also an abundance of tall blue-joint grass. After watering and picketing their stock, they cooked and



ate dinner. In leading their animals down to drink at a pool "backed up" by a beaver dam, they had noticed large schools of sun-fish, or "pumpkin seeds" as they are often called, moving about in its clear depths. Wanting a mess of fish, they soon got out some hooks and lines and, catching grasshoppers for bait, began angling for the "pumpkin seeds."

The fishing proved excellent; the greedy little fellows rose in shoals to snatch at their wriggling 'hoppers, and the eager anglers flung them out as fast as the hooks could be rebaited and dropped into the water. Fish was a rarity in their traveling diet—for they only carried hooks and lines as a part of their stock in trade—and the two men determined while they had leisure and opportunity to lay in a supply and "salt down" for future use. For the time they forgot Indians and traffic, in their interest in the sport; and they could not have told how long they had fished when up from the tall grass on three sides of them rose a dozen or more grim, painted Sioux with guns leveled at them,—the very Indians, old *Ilu-ka-ha* among them, with whom they had talked so amicably a short time before.

Hank's revolver, the only weapon either had at hand, was snatched from its holster, and the arms of both white men were jerked behind them and pinioned in a twinkling. Resistance would have been worse than useless.

When they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to find speech, Hank, imitating the stoicism of the Indian as well as he could, inquired of them in a tone of dignified injury and in the Sioux tongue what wrong the white men had done their "brothers" that they should be set upon in this manner.

The Sioux held their tongues, glum and silent, but old *Ilu-ka-ha* limped rapidly out to where their mules were picketed and, catching the rope of one of them,—their old brown one—led the animal up to where they stood in the midst of the savage group. With a malicious grin upon his ugly visage, this old scoundrel

pointed to a small white spot upon the mule's fore fetlock. It was the identical young mule—now grown old in their service—which had belonged to their father, and which the Indians in their pillage of his premises had left behind as of no account. The cunning wretch, *Ilu-ka-ha*, had recognized the animal (probably by that singular though not peculiar mark upon its forefoot) at the village. Very possibly, too, after this recognition, some familiar accent in their own changed voices had caught his ear. Be that as it may, all the Indians were suspicious and angry, and this old fellow had evidently incited the feeling that led to their capture.

While some of them now guarded the white men, others rifled their wagon, and when the hidden Henry rifles and boxes of ammunition were brought to light, the savages whooped in shrill cries for vengeance.

"The white dogs came to kill and they shall die the dog's death," was the burden of their outcries. In no time the wagon was cut in pieces and set on fire. Then the white men were hustled down to the village, thrust into an empty log cabin and a guard placed over them until their fate should be determined.

The situation was now perfectly plain to Hank and Jake. The Indians believed that they had come among them from motives of revenge, to waylay and kill in return for the loss of their relatives. And the white men well knew that neither pleading nor reason could avail them anything in the face of such a situation. Death by torture awaited them, and in such hideous fashion as the Indians might fix upon in council.

Bitterly upbraiding their lack of foresight, their foolhardiness in coming among these Indians at all, the two young fellows awaited their fate with what fortitude they could summon. During the fore part of the night, as they lay upon the ground floor of the cabin, they distinctly, at several times, heard the voices of Indians in harangue, but too far away to distinguish what was said, though evidently a pow-



wowing "council" was settling the manner of their disposal. The guttural voices of guards were heard from time to time in low conversation. Occasionally a dark, ugly visage was thrust in at a crack where a board had been split off the rough door. In weary dejection the captive traders awaited the end.

Daylight came at last and still no move on the part of their captors. Then the dogs of the village—and they were legion—set up a yelping. Then above the uproar they heard the clatter of hoofs, which grew louder as a squad of horsemen rode in and drew up near the cabin in which they were confined; then loud cries and angry voices,—a babel of tongues, in fact,—from the confusion of which the freshly excited prisoners could extract nothing, except that newcomers had arrived and a good number of them. The racket continued for some time, then suddenly there was a gathering in front of the cabin, and an ominous clicking of gunlocks. The cries outside ceased, the cabin door was flung wide open and a stout Indian stalked inside.

"*Hau! Hau!* friends!" said this one as he came toward them, and the astonished Hank and Jake sprang to their feet, recognizing their old friend Cut-Face. They might not have known him so soon but for the broad scar of a dark, livid hue, which extended from the outer corner of his left eye across the cheek and through the upper lip, an indelible brand which a vengeful Chippewa had given him in his younger days.

The traders were overjoyed, but Cut-Face offered no explanation and gave them no time for talk. He drew a knife and cut the thongs which bound their wrists.

"Come," said he, and he led them out between two lines of Indian horsemen, who sat, gun in hand, glum and motionless as statues. At the ends of the lines two of their own ponies were in waiting, with guns and belts of ammunition slung at the pommels of their saddles. These animals were in charge of a sulky buck who had evidently just led them up.

At this evidence of their old friend's good intentions, and of his power to carry them out, the hearts of Hank and Jake were light enough. They felt like whooping their delight at the certain prospect of freedom and safety, and would have fallen upon the old chief's neck and hugged him but for his stolid Indian indifference. As they rode out of the valley, however, under his escort and those of his men, they did get the old chief to tell how he had happened this second time to come to their rescue.

The explanation was simple enough. An Indian, unfriendly to *Ilu-ka-ha*, had, in the night, ridden to his village, some miles above, and told him of their capture. He also informed them that they would have to lose all their property except what they now had in possession.

"But why," asked Jake, pretending not to know, "why did they want to kill us?"

"*Ilu-ka-ha* wanted to kill you," answered the chief, "you wanted to kill *Ilu-ka-ha!*" Nor could they get him to discuss the matter any further.

They now more than suspected that the lame Indian was one of the number directly implicated in the tragedy at their home and that Cut-Face had at that time saved them from death at this same miscreant's hands.

Jake asserted to the chief their innocence of wanting to kill or of attempting to kill Indians at all. The old chief only grinned shrewdly. To his mind nothing could be more natural than that the young men should wish to avenge the death of their relatives. It was a laudable and brave undertaking, though doubtless the chief had his own notions as to the lack of subtlety the white men had displayed.

Cut-Face and his band rode with the traders some fifteen or twenty miles due east upon the "Coteau" prairies, and then left them to make their way to the Minnesota settlements. This they did without further molestation. They did not venture among these Sioux again.

## REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

GEORGE G. WRIGHT, EX-CHIEF JUSTICE OF IOWA AND EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR.

By A. B. CUMMINS.

WHOEVER writes a biography of Judge George G. Wright will at the same time compose a history of the State of Iowa. During the whole life of the State there has occurred no event important enough to be admitted to its annals in which he was not a factor. With his death there has passed away the last man of whom this can be said. A life thus connected with the origin, interwoven in the growth and blended with the maturity of a great commonwealth—a life inspired with lofty ambitions, fruitful in noble accomplishments—a life crowded with incident and full of influence—ought to receive and will receive not only the loving care of a devoted friend, but the comprehensive research and the accurate analysis of the practiced historian.

In the few moments that I am now able to devote to a sad though grateful task I must be content to render the briefest tribute to the strength and excellence of his mind, to the gentleness and goodness of his heart. It will be permitted me, however, to remark upon the significance of his death. Of the great men who made the State illustrious from the moment of its admission until it achieved its high and acknowledged position, and who were potent every hour of the period, he was, but a few days since, the sole survivor. He has left no one behind him. The State has completed a cycle in its existence. Hitherto there has always been at least one influential life that has spanned our whole development and made it contemporary, but it is true no longer. When from Judge Wright's eyes there faded the light of life, when the last word from his lips was spoken, when his hand fell forever

to his side, the Angel of Death drew the curtains between the past and the present, to be lifted only by the student of history. What but yesterday seemed the first scene of a continuous act is to-day immeasurably removed into the shades of a bygone time. It may be a proud but it is always a sad step that carries a state or nation over this line, and it may be a proud but it is always a sad moment when it first hears the rustle of the folds which shut out the pioneer era of its life. The men of the olden days will never be so real to us again. The future must seek its knowledge of the past from printed pages, and it will miss the kindling glance, the fervid tongue and the uplifted arm.

The first twenty-one years of Judge Wright's life—from 1820 to 1841—witnessed all the struggles and discouragements which usually attend the path of poor, but big-hearted, big-brained boys from the cradle to the point of successful establishment in the business or professional world. It is a long and weary road, and many faint by the wayside, but nevertheless over it travel by far the greater number who direct the destiny of the world. This boy fought his way through these years with inflexible resolution, unfaltering courage and splendid enthusiasm, and when finally he took his place in the ranks of manhood he was equipped for the fight to follow. For fourteen years he practiced his profession; attaining and holding by a perfect title one of the chief seats in a bar whose strength was unsurpassed and whose literature has become classic. It was then that he matured those graces of speech for which he was always thereafter preëminent. It was then that he

filled his mind and heart with the sublime and orderly principles of the law that flow only from the fountains of natural right. It was then that his intellect became a conscience, quick to discern and strong to uphold truth, and keen to detect and unsparing to punish error. I sometimes envy the lawyers of those days, who were free to march straight up to the armory of eternal truth and belt on the blade of natural justice, while we of this day must fight our way through barricades of books and over ramparts of words before we can touch the true weapons of the law.

During this period Judge Wright was elected District Attorney, afterwards to membership in the State Senate, and still afterwards he was the Whig candidate for Congress; but notwithstanding the occasional diversions into the field of public life, he closely devoted himself to professional work, and at the end of the year 1854 he was universally recognized as the fittest man to be placed at the head of the Supreme Court of Iowa, which was then under reorganization.

In 1855 Judge Wright became Chief Justice, and for a period of fifteen years, with an interruption of but a few months, he served his State as one of the justices of its highest tribunal. His opinions are recorded in twenty-nine volumes of the reports of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

No matter how varied the accomplishments of a single life may be, no matter how even and uniform its excellence in many fields, the world with unerring instinct selects some one work with which to either crown its successes or make conspicuous its failures. So it is with Judge Wright. High above all his other years the State has ranked and will rank those in which he adorned and distinguished the highest judicial tribunal of the commonwealth. There is no position of authority in which weakness is so quickly and inevitably exposed as in that of a judge, who is required to set down his reasons for the conclusion that he reaches. There can be no charlatantry here. For a time the pretender may delude the laity, but to his own profession he must

be what he is. Its verdict is true, its judgment irreversible. Onerous, difficult and responsible are judicial duties at any time, but the days in which the foundations of jurisprudence are laid demand the most comprehensive learning, the wisest discretion, the most skillful expression, and but few—very few—fulfill the high criterion with which the world tests greatness.

Judge Wright entered the office of Supreme Judge at thirty-five, and there has never been a moment since in which his opinions have not been crowning evidences of his marvelous capacity. He had an insight of hidden and obscure things that made his path through a labyrinth as direct as the flight of an arrow. In his hands the coverings and husks fell from legal controversy, and the very soul of the dispute was in an instant laid bare. His touch was alchemy itself, and under it the spurious furnished the proofs of its own conviction, and the true blazed out with new luster. Nothing false could make headway in his presence. He had a sense of justice and right that could not be enslaved by the arts of mere intellect. His mind was keen, penetrating and analytical, and his judgment sound, strong, just and wholesome, and his conscience, like a heavenly light, illuminated both.

Masterly as he was in finding his way to a correct conclusion, his greatest power is yet to be told. When he came to state his conclusion in the form of an opinion, he disclosed the characteristic which made him especially famous. His style was distinctly good from a literary point of view, and he was as accurate in expression as are the lines traced by the draughtsman with his pencil and ruler. He knew the confines of the field he intended to cover, and they were drawn so luminously that they seemed to guard the reader from trespass or mistake. He understood the force, the beauty, the strength, the flexibility of the English language, and he was therefore able to say just what he meant, not less, not more. His shades of legal thought were clear and harmonious, and they blend

upon the pages of our records like the tints of a master painting. He not only decided cases rightly, but he enabled those who came after him to decide rightly. All in all, he was a great judge, and his opinions will stand like eternal sentinels, watching and perpetuating a fame which will brighten and expand so long as the administration of justice is preserved among men.

In the winter of 1870, after a spirited but amiable contest with William B. Allison for the nomination, he was elected Senator of the United States. His term began March 4, 1871, and expired March 4, 1877. He peremptorily declined a reelection, and thus he passed out of active political life. I am not attempting a biography, and therefore cannot dwell upon the events of these years. A reflection only is permitted. The Senate of the United States is not a favorable body in which to attain great eminence during a first term, but Judge Wright took high rank at once. His reputation preceded him, and he was immediately established in the confidence of his associates. Valuable as he was to his country, he had developed one quality that disabled him from achieving the greatest prominence in partisan conflicts. He was still fair, dispassionate, judicial. He had little liking for an atmosphere in which candor was thought to be inconsistent with conviction, and in which the paroxysm of superlatives is too often accepted as the only evidence of courage. No man ever left the Senate with more devoted friends than he. I have witnessed more than one meeting between Judge Wright and his fellow members after years of separation, and they were always full of the most touching tributes of affection.

In 1877 he was again in the midst of the people whom he loved, and who loved

him. Six years, until April, 1883, he spent in the practice of his profession; and then for thirteen years, in the quietude of an honorable position, he gracefully, peacefully, beautifully rounded out his noble career and sank into his rest as gently as dies away the sigh of a vesper hymn.

The historian will close Judge Wright's life with the year 1877. As for me, I would begin it where the historian leaves it. I would take it up, not so much to write about it as to live by it.

He was an accomplished lawyer, a great judge, an eminent senator, an unexcelled teacher; but he was more than all these—he loved humanity. The fidelity with which he performed his public duties created unlimited respect and admiration, but the tender appreciation and faithful observance of the relations of man to man invoked unmeasured affection. His was one of those rare souls that lavishes its gifts upon the whole human race; there was no discrimination. They were bestowed alike on the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. The enthusiasm of his welcome to every comer was as genuine and sincere as a flood of sunshine, and it could no more be stayed than the tides of the sea. His glowing words and happy smiles were simply the overflowings of a heart whose kindliness was as limitless as the air he breathed. Thus he chained in joyful bondage every human being who knew him, and thus he built up a constituency of friends and lovers who elected him, for life, King of that blessed realm called Fellowship. Living, his presence was an inspiration; dying, his memory is a benediction.

[Judge Wright died at his home in Des Moines on the 11th day of January, 1886, in his 76th year.—Ed.]



## "HOLD THE FORT!"

### MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. XIX.

BY CAPTAIN J. Q. ADAMS.

First United States Cavalry, formerly Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

THE BATTLE of Allatoona, Georgia, was fought October 5, 1864. A division of the Confederate army, 6,000 strong, under General S. G. French, left the main army which was near Dallas and, contemplating an easy victory, moved on Allatoona, bringing a train of wagons which it expected to load with the abundant commissary supplies stored there.

Allatoona was garrisoned by three small regiments and a battery of artillery, and was commanded by Colonel Tourtellotte of the Fourth Minnesota. The strength of the garrison was about nine hundred men. A reinforcement arrived about two o'clock the morning of the engagement, under General John M. Corse, consisting of parts of the Thirty-ninth Iowa, Seventh, Fiftieth, Fifty-seventh and Twelfth Illinois, numbering about one thousand men, making a total of about one thousand nine hundred men defending the place against the assault made by the Confederate division of 6,000 men.

It is not my purpose to give an account of the battle, which has passed into history. The records of the War furnish evidence of the battle and its results. My recollections, however, of some of the incidents in connection with this engagement, in which I took part as a member of the Signal Corps, is all I will try to give.

The entire Confederate command under General Hood had left its camp a few days before and had marched from near Lovejoy's Station south of Atlanta, with the purpose of destroying Sherman's only railroad line of supply between Atlanta and Chattanooga, thereby expecting to force Sherman to withdraw from Georgia. The enemy first made its appearance near the base of Kenesaw Mountain at Big Shanty and began tearing up the railroad. As soon as this was developed, the army

under General Sherman, excepting the Twentieth Corps, left the camps in and around Atlanta and followed north after Hood.

From the time Kenesaw Mountain was first occupied by our troops, its value as a signal station and a point of observation was apparent, and a detachment of the Signal Corps had been kept there. From this point communication by signals to Allatoona had been maintained,—a distance of eighteen miles,—to the north, and also communication with all portions of the army, and with Atlanta after it came into our possession,—to the south. This furnished important and interesting duty for the officers of the Signal Corps. The distance between Atlanta and Allatoona is about fifty miles. This means of communication was at times the only one between General Sherman's army and the outside world, as it often happened that detached forces of the enemy would run in on the line of railroad, cut the wires and tear up portions of the track, when messages would pass through the air by signal, north to Allatoona and south from Allatoona, until repairs were made.

I had been a member of the Signal Corps detachment attached to the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps, under General Dodge, from the commencement of the Atlanta campaign, and had been on all kinds of signal duty on different stations. Before Kenesaw Mountain was occupied by our troops I had been reading the Rebel signals sent from that point. After we occupied it, I was left on the summit for a time, and I presume the enemy's signal officers tried to read mine. On the 19th of September, just after Atlanta had been captured and the army had gone into camp in and about the city, I was ordered to go to Allatoona and take



charge of that station. The two officers who had been in charge of it had been granted leave of absence to go home. I reached Allatoona the next day. My own detachment of enlisted men were left at Atlanta, and I took charge of the station

two or three miles of Allatoona to the base of Kenesaw Mountain. It was evident that the enemy were in strong force on the railroad, destroying it. So large a force so near led us to believe that we at Allatoona would not be passed by. It



From a Portrait in the Historical Department of Iowa.

GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE.\*

at Allatoona and the men and equipment which belonged to it.

All was quiet from the time of my arrival until the 3d of October, when from our signal station we could see fires and volumes of smoke all along the line of railroad to the south of us, from within

was a cloudy, foggy day on the 3d, and the atmosphere was so dense that we could not see to signal between Kene-

\*Another portrait of General Corse, accompanied by the General's autograph, also a facsimile of the General's famous reply to the Confederate demand that he surrender Allatoona, are given in *THE MIDLAND*, of October, 1895.



saw and Allatoona. General Sherman moved his camps on that day from near Atlanta to Smyrna Camp Ground, near the Chattahooche River. From there he sent to Kenesaw Mountain the following signal message :

TO COMMANDING OFFICERS ALLATOONA. KINGSTON AND ROME:

The enemy is moving on Allatoona, thence to Rome.

This message was not received at Allatoona until the morning of the 4th, on account of the fog. This, of course, left no doubt as to the anticipated attack, and preparations for defense were continued with renewed exertion. A little later in the forenoon a signal message was received from Kenesaw Mountain, which read as follows :

TO GENERAL CORSE, ROME :

Sherman directs that you move forward and join Smith's division with your entire command, using cars if to be had, and burn provisions rather than lose them.

(Signed) VANDEVER, General.

These two messages were sent on to their destination by wire, which was working all right to the north of us. They were received immediately over the heads of the enemy, a distance of eighteen miles. Dispatches were received during the day showing the great apprehension General Sherman had for the safety of Allatoona. Among them were the following :

TO COMMANDING OFFICER, ALLATOONA:

Sherman is moving in force. Hold out.

(Signed) VANDEVER, General.

TO COMMANDING OFFICER, ALLATOONA:

General Sherman says hold fast. We are coming.

(Signed) VANDEVER, General.

As early as two o'clock on the morning of the 5th, firing began on our outer picket line. There had been but little sleep that night. Colonel Tourtellotte was apprehensive lest the enemy should make a night attack on him, and had kept every one on the alert. It was not long after the firing had been heard between the pickets when a train from the north arrived, bring-

ing General Corse with his small brigade of reinforcements. Our men cheered their arrival, which was indeed timely, for an hour or two later would probably have compelled them to fight their way in.

As soon as it was daylight I moved my signal station from its permanent place to



CAPTAIN J. Q. ADAMS,  
First Cavalry, U. S. A.

the fort on the east end of the Ridge, taking with me three men, and directing the other nine to join the troops in the trenches. My detachment was armed with revolvers only, but I thought that before long there would be plenty of muskets they could use. The enemy gradually advanced their lines, driving in our pickets and outposts, and by eight o'clock had our position surrounded and were giving us a strong artillery fire. As soon as I could see Kenesaw Mountain, I called the signal officer there and was able to signal to him that the enemy were firing on our pickets, that Corse was here,

and when I heard that he had but one brigade, I again sent word that "Corse is here with one brigade." The messages sent wound up each time with the inquiry, "Where is General Sherman?"—meaning, of course, with reference to sending to our assistance. I got one answer saying, "Near you," signed merely with the initial of the signal officer. A little later, and before it became too hot for signaling, I received another from Kenesaw, which said, "Tell Allatoona to hold on. General Sherman says he is working hard for you." This had also the initial of the signal officer.

This constituted all the signaling that could be done between Kenesaw Mountain and Allatoona up to the time of the assault.

The popular Gospel Hymn, "Hold the Fort," was written based on the signal messages which passed between General Sherman and Allatoona at this time. A good many versions of what these were, and under what circumstances and by whom they were sent, have been published. I have been thus particular in describing and quoting them, in order that the correct story of it might exist. It will be noticed that the exact words, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," were not used, but in these three messages—"General Sherman says hold fast. We are coming"; "Sherman is moving in force. Hold out"; and "Tell Allatoona to hold on. General Sherman says he is working hard for you,"—we have abundant foundation for the sentiment and inspiration of the song.

The signaling of messages during the morning of the 5th was attended with danger, but it was done before the enemy had closed in so near as to make the danger too great. The men who flagged the messages were brave men, one of whom was J. W. Mackenzie, who afterwards became a district judge and resided at Hampton, Iowa.

A little before nine o'clock that morning the enemy made a demand for the surrender of our forces, having made such

disposition of its forces as to shut us in completely. The demand was as follows:

AROUND ALLATOONA, Oct. 5, 1864.

COMMANDING OFFICER U. S. FORCES:

Sir,—I have placed the forces under my command in such position that you are surrounded, and to avoid a needless effusion of blood I call on you to surrender your forces at once and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide.

Should you accede to this you will be treated in the most honorable manner as prisoners of war.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,

S. G. FRENCH,

Major-General Commanding C. S. Forces.

General Corse replied as follows:

HQDR. 4TH DIV. 15TH A. C.,  
ALLATOONA, GA.,  
Oct. 5, 1864, 8:30 A. M. }

MAJ.-GEN. S. G. FRENCH, C. S. Army, etc.:

Your communication demanding surrender of my command I acknowledge receipt of, and would respectfully reply that we are prepared for the "needless effusion of blood" whenever it is agreeable to you.

I am,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JNO. M. CORSE,

Brigadier-General Commanding U. S. Forces.

It was not long after this until the assault began and it came like a cyclone, from the west, south and north sides. Brief quotations from General Corse's report will, I think, describe the terrific force of that assault and the heroism with which it was met far better than for me to attempt it.

"The enemy's line of battle swept us back like so much chaff and struck the Thirty-ninth Iowa in flank, threatening to engulf our little band without further ado.

... However, before the regiment sent for could arrive Sears and Young (Confederate brigade commanders) both rallied and made their assaults in front and on the flank with so much vigor and so much force as to break Rowett's line, and had not the Thirty-ninth Iowa fought with the desperation it did, I never would have been able to have brought a man back into the redoubt. As it was, their hand to hand struggle and stubborn stand broke the enemy to that extent he must stop to re-form before undertaking the assault on the fort. The fighting up to this time, 11:00 A. M., was of the most extraordinary character. Attacked from the north, from the west and from the south, these three regiments, Thirty-ninth Iowa, Sev-

enth and Ninety-third Illinois, held Young's and part of Sears' and Cockrell's brigade at bay for nearly two hours and a half. The gallant Colonel Redfield of the Thirty-ninth Iowa fell, shot in four places. And the extraordinary valor of the men and officers of this regiment and of the Seventh Illinois saved to us Allatoona. The enemy kept up a constant and intense fire, gradually closing around us and rapidly filling our little fort with the dead and dying. About 1:00 P. M. I was wounded by a rifle ball, which rendered me insensible for thirty or forty minutes, but managed to rally on hearing some person cry 'Cease firing,' which conveyed to me the impression that they were trying to surrender the fort. Again I urged my staff, the few officers left unhurt, and the men around me to renewed exertion, assuring them that Sherman would soon be here with reinforcements. The gallant fellows struggled to keep their heads above the ditch and in the face of the murderous fire of the enemy, now concentrated upon us. The artillery was silent for want of ammunition. A brave fellow, whose name I regret to have forgotten, volunteered to cross the cut (over a rickety high foot-bridge), which was under fire of the enemy, and go to the fort on the east hill to procure ammunition. Having executed his mission successfully, he returned in a short time with an arm load of cannister and case shot. . . . From this time until four P. M. we had the advantage of the enemy and maintained it with such success that they were driven from every position and finally fled in great confusion, leaving their dead and wounded and our little garrison in possession of the field."

I could see from my signal station when the enemy began withdrawing their artillery and could see their men leaving hurriedly for the rear. I called the Kenesaw Mountain Station and signaled that we held out so far. A little later I learned of General Corse being wounded and signalled: "We still hold out; the enemy is withdrawing. General Corse is wounded." A little after I moved back to my old station, and was kept occupied with signaling as long as we could see. It was the next morning — when a signal message was delivered to General Corse from General Sherman asking how badly he was wounded and requesting an account of his fight—that he, General Corse,

sent the characteristic message in reply that he was short a cheek bone and one ear, but could whip all hell yet, etc. We did not know it at the time but learned afterwards that General Sherman was at the signal station on Kenesaw Mountain for several hours during our fight and could see the smoke of the battle.

The signal officer on Kenesaw afterwards related that he was sitting in his tent, which had a board floor and was open at both ends, with his eye at the telescope receiving a message from Allatoona when someone walked in on the boards, which shook his chair so as to bother him in reading the signals. He did not know who it was annoying him, and he could not take his eye away from the glass. He shouted out, "Who in hell is it shaking this floor!" Then he was conscious that someone tiptoed backward very softly and he was not bothered any more. When he had finished he turned around and saw General Sherman standing there. The General inquired the news from Allatoona, and when he learned that Corse was there he felt so good that there was no danger of a reprimand for the bad break made.

The Battle of Allatoona, in point of numbers engaged, is classed among the minor battles of the War. It has always seemed to me that it has not been given that prominence in war history to which it is entitled, considering the important bearing the result of that day had on the future movements of the army, to say nothing of the important position and vast quantity of supplies that were saved.

The orders bringing reinforcements to Allatoona were signaled over the heads of the enemy the morning of the 4th. If the cloudy weather of the day before had continued, this could not have been done, and the reinforcement could not have reached us. Without it the garrison could not have resisted five minutes. As it was, General Corse did not arrive a minute too soon, and he did not bring one man too many. That desperate hand-to-hand struggle of the Thirty-ninth Iowa

and the Seventh Illinois saved to us Allatoona.

There was stored at Allatoona a million and a half of rations, a supply which could be made to last Sherman's army for twenty days. These supplies had been accumulated there for an express purpose in excess of the regular wants of the army.

The march from Atlanta to the Sea, as compared to the march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, was a picnic; it was the easiest thing Sherman's army had so far been required to do. Yet that march broke the backbone of the Confederacy. When it had been accomplished, the end of the War was in sight.

If Allatoona had fallen, the loss of the

million and a half of rations, the opening of the way for further destruction of the railroad through Allatoona Pass and on northward, to say nothing of the loss of the men and munitions of war involved, would have been a great disaster.

One is not justified in saying such result would have prevented the March to the Sea, and no one can prophecy to what extent future plans and movements would have been interfered with. We do know, however, that General Sherman's appeal to Allatoona to "hold on" was not in vain. The "Fort" was held, everything was saved—excepting the lives of the brave men who fell. The famous March was made as it had been planned.



## WOMEN'S CLUBS IN NEBRASKA.

BY WEGIA HOPE HALL TRACY.

SOME DAY, when the world is older, the story of the evolution of the Woman's Club will be told from the standpoint of the unbiased historian, dispassionately, critically, dwelling upon its defects and noting its points of excellence. But we who are in the midst of this movement, giving of our best to further it, cannot to-day discuss it with the lack of fervor which should characterize those who sit in judgment. We can only sketch it as it appears to us who are seeking to make it nearer our ideal, and such a sketch must lack perspective.

The Woman's Club in Nebraska is comparatively a new thing, the dean of the federation being but sweet sixteen, and not more than a half-dozen clubs being able to write their ages with two figures. True, there have been various societies for the purpose of study or entertainment, but most of them have died natural deaths. The first one of which any mention is found was the By-word Club, composed of the young girls of Fort Calhoun a generation ago, when that now deserted village was a flourishing town. About

this organization was wrapped a mantle of darkest mystery, but a former member has revealed the secret that it was a literary society with strong anti-slang principles. It continued its existence for several years, and its quondam members cherish pleasant memories of it and are still addicted to the use of good English.

Quite as a matter of course, we find the oldest existing club in the State at Lincoln, under the eaves of the State University, where the flowers of culture would be most likely to bloom. This particular blossom is the Lotus, but during its days of growth it was known as the Avon, and later as the History Club, retaining throughout, however, the same gracious woman at its head, Mrs. M. R. McConnell, its founder and inspiration. With a membership limited to twelve, it has known but one change in all its life, when Chancellor Manatt left Lincoln and Mrs. Manatt bade farewell to the club in which she had been an active worker.

In 1881, some women in Nebraska City set up a Round Table, taking from the Young Men's Literary Society of that

place the nucleus of a library which, under the fostering care of the women, has come to be an important factor in that little city's growth. About this Round Table gathered for fourteen years most of the brightest women of the town. They studied History, Art and Literature with zeal and thoroughness, disbanding only two years ago in order to carry on several lines of study. But last fall a strong Woman's Club of nearly one hundred members was organized, the successor, in point of fact, of the Round Table, with the department feature added.

In the spring of 1884, within a few weeks' time, three clubs came into existence in small towns in the interior of the State: the Round Table at Crete, Acme at Wayne, and Zetetic at Weeping Water, all of which are still doing excellent work. It is a curious fact that each one of these reported last fall a membership of thirteen, in this case evidently a lucky number. The Zetetic was the direct result of a visit by Mrs. Laura Moore Woodford, of Weeping Water, to her sister, the wife of Dean Currier, of Iowa University. Mrs. Currier was then, as now, a leading member of an Iowa City club. After Mrs. Woodford returned home she spoke of this Iowa City club to several other women, who cordially agreed, and the club was formed. It was soon found necessary to limit the membership, and the size of the members' parlors was the determining point. Married women only are admitted, this premium on marriage being somewhat offset by the rule that every member must take an active part. This rule is quite general in the smaller clubs, the drones being resolutely excluded.

The Zetetic has the distinction of being the first to join the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This was done in 1891, and Mrs. Woodford was made State Chairman and, together with Mrs. Henrietta B. Wolcott, attended the biennial meeting in Chicago, in 1892, thus representing for the first time the State of Nebraska. Mrs. Woodford was made the first auditor of the State Federation when



MRS. LAURA MOORE WOODFORD,  
Founder of the Zetetic, of Weeping Water.

it was formed in 1894. The history of this Club shows the possibilities which surround women, even in so-called isolated communities,—possibilities which are just beginning to be appreciated.

The second club in Crete, the Social and Literary, was organized in 1885. Osceola followed in 1887. Sorosis, of Lincoln, dates from 1889, and the Cleofan, of Omaha, from December, 1890. By the winter of 1892-3, clubs and study classes had become so common that people began to consider them somewhat essential to the advancement of a town. Lincoln and Omaha had each several small circles, literary, social and musical.

In Omaha, the Ladies' Musical Society was the oldest, and had for ten years struggled to elevate the standard of musical taste. The Cleofan was the outgrowth of a History Class, taught by Mrs. W. H. Hanchett, a woman of much experience and unusual ability in directing students who are not afraid of real work. Among others her classes were not popular, but fully one hundred women of Omaha have been greatly benefited by



her training. English, French, German and American History have been studied in the Cleofan, which has now about forty members, with Mrs. Ida Fleming president. The Mu Sigma was organized four years ago as a neighborhood tourist club, and is even yet generally known as the Walnut Hill Club, although its membership is not limited. This Club spent several years in a tour of the British Isles, and this winter, under the leadership of Mrs. A. H. Somers, is visiting the German Empire. There are about forty members. Mrs. Eva M. Richardson is secretary.

Up to this time, the modern woman's club had no real hold in Nebraska. The genesis of this organization may be ascribed in a large measure to an event in the winter of 1892-3, when a member of the well-known Orange (N. J.) Woman's Club came to Omaha to make that city her home. This was Mrs. Frances M. Ford, a woman whose symmetrical development has made her broad and sympathetic, and whose native tact and unbounded enthusiasm for the higher



MRS. FRANCES M. FORD.  
Founder of the Omaha Woman's Club.



MRS. MARY BAIRD BRYAN,  
President, Sorosis, Lincoln.

things of life fit her for leadership. Associated in her home club with Charlotte Emerson Brown, founder of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, she had become imbued with the club idea in its best form, and more than anything else in Omaha she missed her club. At the same time she saw the need for such an organization in that city, and with characteristic promptness she took steps to interest the leading members of the existing clubs in the movement. After some preliminary work, a public meeting was called and a temporary organization effected May 8, 1893. About one hundred names were listed and Mrs. Harriet S. Towne was made temporary president. At the first regular meeting and election, the latter part of the month, the membership had doubled, and the success of the Omaha Woman's Club seemed assured. True, many stood aloof for many reasons. Some feared that it meant strong-mindedness; others wished it more exclusive. But when Mrs. Lucy T. Savage accepted the presidency the objectors were silenced. Mrs. Savage stands for all that is fine and gracious in womanhood,—a typical gentlewoman, who is regarded with excep-



tional affection in Omaha, as was her husband, the late Judge Savage, "a very parfait, gentil knight." With such a woman at its head, the shafts of criticism and ridicule fell harmless. To-day few citizens of Omaha would be willing to part with this Club, its loyalty to the best interests of the city having won for it the respect of all. It has, best of all, united the women of Omaha, breaking down the barriers of class and clique and sectionalism which the rapid growth of the city had erected, and it has developed a spirit of good-fellowship which means more than merely intellectual growth. It is not so much a group of classes for study as an association of women working together and, in the words of the motto, "touching life with upward impulse." It has now more than five hundred members, with twelve departments of work. Rev. Dr. Augusta J. Chapin is an honorary member, and, until her departure for Europe in February, was an active leader of the Browning class. Rev. Mary Garard Andrews has drawn about her a large number of people for the study of Psy-



MRS. HARRIET SOMERS TOWNE,  
President, Omaha Woman's Club.

chology. The largest department is that of Current Topics, led by Mrs. Mary C. Garrett for two years, until she was made secretary of the Club. The Art department is led by Mrs. Jennie E. Keysor, whose long experience as a teacher and peculiar fitness for the work make her deservedly popular. She has supplemented the class work with a series of stereopticon lectures which have been much enjoyed, as the crowded rooms attest. The proceeds have been used in adorning the Club rooms with Braun photographs of such masterpieces as the Madonna San Sisto, the Ghiberti Gates, etc. This year the Club, at the suggestion of Mrs. Keysor, has offered prizes for the best collections of pictures made by public school pupils. Mrs. Ford is leader of the department of Political and Social Science, of which she is a close student, returning to this position after her year as president. While she was president of the Club, she was also president of the Woman's Christian Association, organist of a large church, and on the boards of several philanthropical and ed-



MRS. ELIZABETH EVANS LINDSAY,  
of Omaha, Chief Promoter of the Nebraska State Federation.

ucational societies, and did active work in all. Mrs. A. B. Henderson is authority on Parliamentary Law, and Mrs. Grace Sudborough leads the section on Education. Mrs. Mary Moody Pugh, the leader in Domestic Science, is a model house-keeper with the ability to impart her knowledge to others. She has held cooking schools at various places with marked success. The other departments of the Club are Current Literature, German History, Applied Economics and Music. The latter was formed in part by the members of the Ladies' Musical Society, which entered in a body. Its meetings, now led by Mrs. Wilhelm, and formerly by Mrs. Buchanan, are largely attended, the programs being of unusual excellence. Outsiders are admitted by the payment of a small fee.

Another phase of the Omaha Club spirit is its coöperation with the Commercial Club on occasions, and its interest shown in the State Fair, the Trans-Mississippi Congress and Exposition, etc., while its informal receptions for distinguished guests and its stated annual re-

ceptions are a feature of the city's social life.

During its first year it joined the G. F. W. C., and Mrs. Towne and Mrs. Elia W. Peattie were sent as delegates to the biennial meeting at Philadelphia in 1894, Mrs. Towne then being acting president in the absence of Mrs. Savage, who had gone to Europe for a year. Mrs. Towne has been from the first an enthusiastic believer in the club idea, and the inspiration gained at Philadelphia gave her courage to accept the presidency of the Club the present year. She is an excellent presiding officer, but is greatly missed on the floor, where her bright and witty speeches were a feature of the discussions. A New Hampshire woman, she combines thoroughness with a Yankee knack that insures success. She is especially interested in educational matters, and has been at the head of the University Extension movement in Omaha.

Mrs. Peattie is the best known literary woman in Nebraska, her long connection with the Omaha *World-Herald* and her published books and stories having carried her fame far outside the limits of Nebraska. But it is not alone her ability with the pen that has won for her the regard of the club women. Of an attractive personality and able to say bright things in a charming manner, with the unusual gift of a clear, sweet voice, she has been from the first a leader, aiding much in arousing interest in those who would otherwise have stood aloof. Her manifold duties in her profession and at home render it impossible for her to accept any position which makes heavy demands upon her time, but she was for two years leader of a department in the Omaha Club and is now Librarian of the State Federation. This office was created to have in charge traveling libraries for the use of the clubs that do not have access to good libraries. A very good beginning has already been made.

Perhaps the woman who deserves greatest credit for the extension of the club idea into the interior of the State and the combination of all into a State Federation is Mrs. Elizabeth Evans Lindsey. Mrs.



MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE,  
of the Omaha Woman's Club, Author and Journalist.

Lindsey was the first secretary of the Omaha Club, and rendered in that important office invaluable service. For several years before coming to Omaha she was a member of the Council Bluffs History Class, and at Omaha, in the Cleofan, conducted the Current Topics review, a feature of the meetings. At the Philadelphia biennial meeting she was chosen State Chairman for Nebraska, and took advantage of this position to extend the club idea into the State. In August, 1894, a special club edition of the *Woman's Weekly* was prepared under her direction, the Omaha Club bearing the expense for the good of the cause. This contained articles on the various kinds of clubs, their management, how to organize, etc., and was sent to all the towns of importance in the State.

It is characteristic of Nebraska women to take up new ideas with enthusiasm when once understood. To many women this paper came as the answer to the half-formed question, "What shall I do?" and more than a dozen clubs were organized during the following autumn. In November, Mrs. Lindsey issued a call for a meeting to form a State Federation. Delegates from nearly all the clubs of the State met at Omaha, December 10, and organized, choosing Mrs. Canfield, wife of the Chancellor of the State University, as president of the Federation. Thus came about, after many years, the union of the women's clubs of the State.

Quite differently from that of Omaha runs the club story of Lincoln. The Capital City and the seat not only of the State University but also of Cotner and Wesleyan Universities and Union College and a number of lesser schools, it has long been the acknowledged center of culture in Nebraska. Access to so many excellent libraries and the opportunities for consultation with specialists in many lines gave to the women of the city an advantage which they were not slow to take. All over the city are circles for literary study, most of them, it is true, limited as to membership and somewhat exclusive. The Lotus, already mentioned,



MRS. MAY R. FIELDS,  
President of the City Federation of Lincoln.

the Ingleside, devoted to art study, and the Renaissance, meeting weekly, and more general in character, are each limited to twelve members, and are among the oldest clubs in the State. The Century dates back to 1885, although known for six years as the Beta Club. Its membership is limited to twenty, and a well-defined course of study is followed, this year under the leadership of Mrs. W. H. McCreery. The Fortnightly, with Mrs. L. L. Ricketts at its head, is another of the older clubs, and is now interested in American literature. For thorough and careful study of questions of the day, Sorosis undoubtedly holds the first place not only in Lincoln but in the State. Its membership is limited to twenty-five, and there is a long waiting list. The leader of each meeting chooses her own topic, treating it as she pleases. Sometimes the stereopticon is used. Each woman gives to her subject months of study and preparation, and the result is often an excellent monograph on the subject, worthy of preservation. Such topics as "Public Debts," "Trades Unions and

the Debs Case," "Standard Oil Trust," "Narcotics" and "Niagara Tunnel" have been discussed thoroughly. The president is Mary Baird Bryan, wife of the brilliant orator, Ex-Congressman William J. Bryan. Mrs. Bryan does not shine by reflected light, however, but is well qualified for this work by virtue of her training, a course in law having supplemented her college work. Mrs. Carrie E. Munger is secretary. The Junior Sorosis is composed of younger women, with Mrs. Minnie D. Meisner president, and is modeled after its elder sister. The University of Nebraska Faculty Woman's Club should be a strong organization to bear the burden of its name, and a glance at the list of those eligible to membership dispels any fear on that score. It was organized in the fall of 1894 and is possibly more social than purely literary in its nature, most of the women being actively engaged in other study clubs. The hostess for the day plans the program, which is not of uniform character. Mrs. MacLean, wife of the present Chancellor, is president, Mrs.

Fossler secretary. The Matinee Musicale is of quite recent organization, but its growth has been rapid. Its meetings are events in musical circles and the programs are of marked excellence. Mrs. D. A. Campbell, the president, was chosen to represent Nebraska at Atlanta. The Wednesday Afternoon, the University Place, the Book Review and two Dante Clubs also exist.

These clubs, a total of seventeen, had met from time to time in an informal way as the Club of Clubs until October, 1894, when a City Federation was formed with Mrs. May B. Field president. But a new difficulty arose. Many women with no club affiliation had attended the meetings of the Club of Clubs and were now excluded, and Miss Phoebe Elliott, who has always held the interests of women dear, decided that a more general association was needed. A call was issued and three hundred women responded. At this meeting the Lincoln Woman's Club was organized with officers and a constitution, and the motto, "The truth shall make us free." It is unquestionably the most democratic Club in the State. Its bill of rights is as follows:

The following women are invited to become members:

1. The University graduate.
2. The woman of common school education.
3. The self-educated woman.
4. The woman who belongs to other clubs.
5. The non-club woman.
6. The woman who does not believe in clubs.
7. The woman who does not wish to join a department.
8. The woman who wants to attend the club meetings but twice a year.
9. The woman who wants to be a member for the name of it.
10. The tired woman, full of domestic responsibilities, who wants to be a sponge, fold her hands, take in what the bright, free woman, who needs an audience, has learned, and then go home refreshed to her treadmill.
11. The woman without companionship.
12. The young woman and the young-old woman.

Miss Elliott, the president, has long been a leader in everything that tends to the betterment of life, and her ability to inspire others with the same interest is



MISS PHEBE ELLIOTT.  
Founder and President of the Lincoln Woman's Club.

not the least of her claims upon the regard of her fellow-women. Last summer she conducted a Parliament of Religions in her charming home, Rose Cottage, and her leadership of the Woman's Club insures its devotion to high ideals. It has several departments with leaders as follows: Current Events, Mrs. Winona Sawyer; Literature, Miss Katherine V. Morrissey; Science, Mrs. Pound; Civics, Mrs. Frances B. Taylor; Domestic Science, Mrs. Everett; Art, Mrs. B. F. Bailey; and Parliamentary Practice, Mrs. Field. Mrs. Sawyer, who directs the study of Current Events, is one of the brightest women of the State, and her appearance on a program is always hailed with delight.

Last October the Lincoln clubs entertained the State Federation at its first annual meeting. Mrs. Canfield having removed to Ohio, the duties of president devolved upon the vice-president, Mrs. Peattie. The meeting was a success in every way. Thirty-seven clubs in twenty-four towns were represented. Mrs. Field, of Lincoln, was elected president; Mrs. Stoutenborough, of Plattsmouth, vice-president; Miss Julia S. Haskell, of Stromsburg, secretary; Mrs. A. W. Roseman, of Fremont, treasurer; Mrs. C. E. Abbott, of Grand Island, auditor. Mrs. Field is a graduate of the State University and a deservedly popular woman. She is a member of the Renaissance, the Fortnightly and the Woman's Club, and her skill as a parliamentarian and her unflinching courtesy make her an ideal president.

The Fremont Club was the first large club outside Omaha and Lincoln, and was organized December, 1893, by Miss Horsford, a New England woman who was visiting in that city. She was chosen president, but after her return home Miss Eoline Clark, vice-president, filled the position. Mrs. M. E. Reynolds, for several years secretary of the Board of Education, and a very capable woman, was president in 1895. Mrs. Lizzie Reynolds is now president. Miss Vesta Gray, a rising young lawyer, is a leading member. This Club is the third largest in Nebraska,



MRS. MILDRED L. ALLEE,  
President, Woman's Club, Beatrice.

and is unlike the Omaha Club in that the work is directed by committees instead of departments.

Beatrice ranks next, although much younger, being one of the first fruits of the awakening of 1894. Mrs. Mildred L. Allee, the first president, is to represent the State Federation at the Louisville meeting of the G. F. W. C. Under her leadership the Club progressed rapidly, and her successor, Mrs. M. V. Nichols, is working along the same lines. Mrs. Harriet S. MacMurphy, formerly a director of the Omaha Club and a well-known newspaper woman, is an active member.

The Club at Plattsmouth, organized December, 1894, grew out of a History Class, led by Mrs. Belle M. Stoutenborough, who became its president. She was for several years a member of the Crete Round Table and also of the Omaha Cleofan. She is a close student, clear thinker and good speaker. Her endeavors are not limited to women, for she is a leader of an enthusiastic club of boys who study English History. Mrs. Isabel Richey is a writer of ability and a leading member of the Club.



The little town of Crete has more clubs in proportion to its population than any other in Nebraska. Mrs. Dawes, wife of Ex-Governor J. W. Dawes, is president of the Round Table, was the first treasurer of the State Federation, and has been active in literary circles. The Social and Literary, Mutual Improvement, Columbian Circle and Sorosis are others, all united for occasional meetings in a City Federation, forming practically, if not nominally, a club with departments. Doane College, a Congregational school, is located there.

Seward boasts three clubs, the oldest, the History and Art, being organized in 1892. Mrs. S. C. Langworthy, first secretary of the Federation, is its president, and is also a leader in all matters pertaining to clubs. The Nineteenth Century and Fin de Siecle are of recent organization.

Osceola's two clubs are the Woman's Literary, nine years old, and the Round Table. Mrs. E. L. King is the president of the former. The Acme Club of Wayne, over which Mrs. H. E. Corbit presides,

has worked quietly but earnestly since 1884, and its good example inspired the organization of the Monday Club, of which Mrs. Mann is leader. Tecumseh's Cozy Club dates from October, 1893, and has twenty members, with Mrs. Bouton at the head. Another is the Friends in Council. At York the Ladies' Social Circle is the center of clubdom; Mrs. France is president. Mrs. Waddle is president of the Nineteenth Century Club at Aurora, organized three years ago, and Mrs. Stedman leads one of the same name at Sheldon a few months older. In Holdrege is a club of young girls, called The Violets, organized three years ago by Mrs. Lulu B. Patrick. Its dainty manual outlines a carefully chosen course of study, and the great benefit derived by the members should inspire women in other towns to emulate Mrs. Patrick's example.

The list of the Nebraska clubs belonging to the State Federation includes also the Woman's Clubs of Hooper, Johnson, Red Cloud, Stromsburg, Valley and Ashland, the Progressive Woman's of Grand Island, the Harmonious Companie of Humboldt, Sorosis at Stanton, the Fin de Siecle at Wymore, the Ladies' Reading at Scotia, the Mental Culture at Auburn, the Self Culture at St. Paul, and the History and Art Club at Milford, the last named with but four members, the smallest in the State. Since the preparation of this article was begun, notice has come of the formation of clubs at Elk City and Norfolk, and the number is growing each week. Most of these clubs just mentioned were formed within the past eighteen months and are modeled on the same general plan, History and Literature being the favorite subjects of study.

It is too early to say much of what they have done, but what they are means much to those who consider the conditions in Nebraska at the time of their formation. For 1894 was the drought year, and 1895 was little better in some parts of the State. Many a woman has told of the blessing the Club was to her during those dark days when everything was tinged with gloom.



MRS. BELLE STOUTENBOROUGH,  
Vice-President of the Nebraska Federation and President  
of the Plattsmouth Club.



So many luxuries had to be given up that the women turned gladly to the Club, which permitted them to meet with others without having the hard times the only topic of conversation.

Nebraska women, however, are not easily daunted. One notable proof of this fact is the *Woman's Weekly*, a paper whose history is a part of the Club's. Miss Mary Fairbrother may be called a typical westerner. Born and bred in a newspaper atmosphere, she has always been in this line of work. A charter member of the Omaha Club, and deeply interested in the movement as in all things pertaining to women, she conceived the plan of starting a paper devoted to the interests of women who think, paying little attention to fashion and society, for which, as she would say, there is already "stuff enough." Therefore, in March, 1894, with no capital but experience and a Nebraska woman's courage, she embarked in the new enterprise. It was a "hard times" year and the subscription list did not grow very rapidly, but Miss Fairbrother kept bravely at work and has made her paper very useful to the women of the State. Its reports of work done by the various organizations of women, its articles from the pens of representative women, and its vigorous, fearless editorial policy have done much to keep the women in touch with one another. Miss Fairbrother is now planning to make the paper equally valuable to the Iowa clubs.

An important club in Omaha is that formed a year ago among the colored women of that city. Its forty members are carrying on its work under the direction of the president, Mrs. Ella L. Mahammit, whose superior attainments fit her well to lead such a club. She is ably assisted by Mrs. Nettie Johnson and Mrs. Annie Woodbey, the latter being a prohibition candidate for Regent of the University at the last State election. Mrs. Mahammit attended the recent convention of colored women at Boston. She is a fine speaker, and the work done under her charge is of marked excellence.



MISS MARY FAIRBROTHER,  
Editor and Publisher, *Woman's Weekly*, Omaha.

The Nebraska Ceramic Club, organized in 1893 to take charge of the exhibit at the World's Fair, is composed wholly of women to the number of nearly one hundred. Miss Mellona Butterfield, of Omaha, is its president, and Mrs. Harrison, daughter-in-law of the ex-President, is an active member.

As yet, no club in the State owns its home, but it is hoped that when the financial depression passes away some such dreams may be realized. The Omaha Club has been compelled to change its quarters three times in order to get more room, and even now "standing room only" is left for late comers to many of its meetings.

The women's clubs of Nebraska have more than justified the faith of their founders. Homes have been brightened and not neglected by their existence, and there can be no better gauge of the capacity of Nebraska women for higher things than the phenomenal success of the women's clubs and the welcome which they are receiving everywhere.

## THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM IN EDUCATION.

BY FRANK NELSON.

A CAREFUL examination of the courses of study in many of our leading colleges and universities reveals the fact that the college curriculum is gradually undergoing a change. It is becoming more flexible and, to that extent, more practical. We are approaching that period in our system of education when more attention must be given to the individual student. Popular education, in order to serve its true mission, must be adapted to the different professions in life, and to the practical demands of the age. We must observe the conditions of the present, if we would hope to rightly prepare ourselves for the future. Our age demands broad, practical and well-disciplined minds. It calls not only for cultured minds, but for minds that are receptive and able to grasp the ideas with which modern society is surcharged. In order to meet these requirements, our college courses must be so modified as to give

the student less Latin, Greek and mythology, and more ethics, literature, civics, science, sociology, and kindred subjects, which treat of conditions as they actually exist. It certainly is far more important to study the problems of government than to delve into the mysteries of ancient mythology. Far more important, it seems to me, to keep in close touch with the philanthropic movements of the present than to spend time and energy searching for some obscure and insignificant character in the gloomy labyrinths of antiquity. Far more important to understand the industrial problems which to-day demand solution than to tax the memory in trying to commit the names of Grecian and Roman deities. It is not enough to be good scholars, we must also be good citizens, and the first condition for good citizenship is a thorough knowledge of the forces which to-day are moulding public character and opinion. Education should prepare the student for life as it *is*, not as he would like to find it. For ages we have ignored this fundamental truth, and only in the last decade of the Nineteenth Century do we seem to have awakened to a full realization of its importance. It is beginning to dawn upon the thinking mind that the college, in order to fulfill its true mission, must be brought into close relation with the actual conditions of life and society.

It is a healthy and promising sign that in many of the baccalaureate sermons delivered within the last few years by our leading educators, the relation which the student sustains, or rather should sustain, to society has been forcibly emphasized. The sooner we recognize that the college is a place to mould, not smooth and polished characters, but strong, practical, broad-minded men and women, the better for us and society as a whole. That education is the best which does the most,



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not for the individual alone, but for humanity at large. The question arises, then, how shall we prepare the individual that he may be able to direct his energies in those channels where they will do the most good?

The elective system of education attempts to answer this question. It aims to meet, as far as possible, the demands of our age.

According to this system the student is required to pursue a prescribed course of study only during the freshman year. As a rule, no electives are given in the freshman year.

The requirements of the sophomore year are limited to one or two subjects—the others are elective.

The requirements of the junior year are confined to one subject—sometimes two subjects. The electives may be chosen from a list embracing ten or eleven different subjects. These electives include language, literature, history, science, sociology, philosophy, mathematics, etc., thus giving the student great latitude in selection.

In the senior year, as a rule, all subjects are elective. It is believed that at this stage the student knows, better than the faculty, what is best for him individually, and hence he is allowed to pursue those subjects which will be of the greatest practical benefit to him in actual life.

This, in short, comprises the new education.

The elective system has many advantages. It enables the student to satisfy his individual wants and inclinations. He is permitted to equip himself for that work which he can do best. He is allowed to so arrange his work while at college that when he leaves his Alma Mater he will be able to put his education into practical use. He will not only know what he can do, but he will also be prepared to do it. He learns at least a few things well. He enters into his work with zeal and earnestness, because he feels that he is growing and that every effort put forth brings him nearer his ideal. He studies, not simply to fulfill the

requirements prescribed by the college authorities, but rather to satisfy his own wants and desires. He masters his subjects, not because he has to master them, but because he likes them. When he leaves college he is not only a scholar, he is a man.

No restrictions should be found within the province of education. Whenever we lay down a course of study equally binding upon all, we violate one of the fundamental principles in pedagogy. Not only that, but we violate one of nature's laws, which is, that we should adapt ourselves, as far as possible, to the nature of the individual. It is believed that when the student enters the college or university, he is able, by reason of his previous training, to decide for himself what line of work he is best fitted to pursue; and, hence, the college curriculum should be flexible enough to enable him to satisfy his individual taste. Whenever we impede or restrict the development of the mind, in whatever manner it may be done, we not only commit a great injustice against the individual, but, what is still worse, we deprive humanity of the service of a truly educated mind. I believe the readers of *THE MIDLAND* will agree with me when I say that the correct theory of education is, not to "cram" down certain studies in order to secure a degree or a diploma; not merely to fulfill certain prescribed conditions, which are equally binding upon all; but for each individual student to pursue those branches of learning which will bring to him the most substantial results in after life. This is what the elective system aims to accomplish. How often do we not find, for instance, that some of our very best students are dissatisfied with higher mathematics, with Latin, Greek, or philosophy, and yet they are required to pursue these subjects in order to fulfill the conditions necessary for graduation. But do they really pursue them? How much practical benefit do they derive from them? I rather fear the subjects pursue them, and the benefit derived from forced labor is very small indeed. A student will not master a subject, in

the full sense of the word, unless he likes it. Mind becomes valuable only when it is applied to that for which nature intended it. To be successful, we must do that which we like best. This is the secret of success in life; it is also the secret of success in education. Agassiz was great as a scientist and interpreter of nature; but he would never, perhaps, have been known had he attempted to become a master in music or art. Some one will say, "This is an extreme case." I grant it, but it forcibly illustrates the question under consideration. The chief value of the elective system is found in the fact that it endeavors to adapt itself to the tastes and natural inclinations of the individual mind. It follows nature. One of our leading educators has truthfully said, "It is the distinctive merit of the elective system that it forces the student to be conscious of what he is doing."

Education should fit men for their true work in life. If our colleges succeed in

doing this, then indeed will they be doing a noble work for the individual and for humanity. All great things are fraught with great dangers. There is no greater work than that of education. And yet, there is danger that we fail to develop and direct rightly the energies of the mind. We are apt to train all alike; we fail many times to observe nature's law. It matters not how well trained the mind may be, if it is not applied to the right thing it will not, it cannot, succeed. We have learned a great lesson when we have learned to know what we can do best. It is a terrible thing to live in ignorance of what we might be. The elective system of education aims not only to develop the mind but also to direct it into the proper channels of usefulness. It is a system which, when fully understood and universally applied, will give new life and impetus to higher education, and greater and more lasting rewards to the educated mind.



## THE SPRING POET.

A poet of the crocus brand  
In rural rhythm wrought,  
And wove in soft, suburban rhyme  
His sylvan theme and thought.

For buds and petals, drops and dew,  
Shot each iambic line,  
And dactyls rode with daffodils  
And flirted with the pine.

Most tenderly the trochee gave  
His arm to catkins rare,  
And underclung and overclung  
Shy tendrils everywhere.

Spondees were garlanded in green,  
And to the zephyrs flung,  
While Psyche's sweetest nectar wooed  
The touch of every tongue.

Each phrase and paraphrase as well,  
All tremulous with trills,  
Discoursed of daisy-spangled meads  
And heather-purpled hills.

The carol, of all errors pruned  
By critic's saw and sieve,  
Sped forth to a disciple of  
The "art preservative."

Alas! that cold compositor  
(The sentence underlined)  
Rose up in red-faced wrath and wrote  
"*Decidedly declined.*"

Whereat the bard of blossoms wept,  
And hied to hidden bowers,  
Nor evermore hath he essayed  
To twitter of the flowers.

*Wallace A. Gorham.*

## BOHEMIA'S STRUGGLE FOR HOME RULE.

[CONCLUDING PAPER.]

### II. THE BOHEMIA OF TO-DAY AND OF THE FUTURE—A HISTORICAL STUDY.

BY L. J. PALDA.

TO PROPERLY finish this historical sketch of the life of the Czechs and make it as complete as it could be in two brief papers, let us go back to the year 1848, bearing always in mind the historical right of the Bohemian kingdom to home rule.

In that year the Czechs, in company with their German speaking fellow-citizens, did organize and send a delegation, with the demands of the people, to the Emperor at Vienna. The Emperor made promises, and some reforms were afterward actually introduced, especially in regard to greater liberty of the public press and to rights of association, but nothing was done in regard to the convening of a diet. Meantime, Vienna began to move, and having become rather revolutionary, induced the Emperor to transfer his court to a safer place, whereupon he removed to Innsbruck, in Tyrol, to which place another Bohemian delegation was sent, a more successful one, which obtained from him all necessary documents directing the vice-regent of Bohemia to convene in the Emperor's name a diet. Before, however, the delegation arrived at Prague, a revolutionary outbreak, with bloody encounters between the people and the soldiers, took place; and, consequently, instead of convening a diet, the governor proclaimed a state of siege against Prague. Thus ended the first attempt for the restoration of home rule in Bohemia.

Soon after that a constitutional congress was convened, by order of the Emperor, at Vienna, to formulate a constitution, or constitutions, for the empire. Bohemia's representation took part in this deliberation, some of its members becoming the most distinguished of that body,—a fact admitted even by the en-

emies. But the Bohemians soon found out that the element of centralistic inclinations was strong and decidedly opposed to federalistic ideas of home rule for the different political individualities of the monarchy. A revolution at Vienna drove the congress to Kremsier, in Moravia, where, after long deliberations, it was dissolved by the present emperor, Francis Joseph I., who succeeded his uncle upon his abdication.

The outbreak at Vienna was suppressed, as was likewise the great revolution of Hungary. Strengthened and encouraged by these successes, the government took away from the people all the new rights accorded them during the revolutionary period, and soon all the nations of the empire were again tightly bound by the fetters of the most severe absolutism—the unchecked reign of bureaucracy and soldateska. Jury trials were abolished, liberal papers suppressed, the Bohemian language again totally ignored in schools and courts and offices, and the people were once more driven to rely solely upon their literature for the maintenance of their nationality, which developed and progressed in spite of the renewed absolutism. The Czechs were resolved to live, no matter what might come.

The year 1860 brought some relief to our people. After defeat in the Italian campaign it was impossible for the Austrian emperor to longer reign absolutely, and he called his nations to his rescue. Some liberties were proclaimed and some wrongs, under which the Bohemian nation suffered so long, were removed. The Bohemian language was admitted to intermediate schools, but even then with many hindrances introduced. To the public press more freedom was accorded. Immediately a few Bohemian dailies were



started. But the new government forced upon the nations a constitution decidedly centralistic in all its features. Historical rights of the different countries were totally ignored. Bohemians and Hungarians protested, but in vain, and only after the terrible defeat of Austrians by the Prussian troops, in 1866, did the government see fit to accord Hungarians the withheld rights. Absolute home rule was yielded to them, which they do now enjoy to the advancement of their nationality.

The Bohemians, however, who suffered so much during the Prussian war, their country being the scene of active warfare, and who proved so well their loyalty and fidelity to the monarchy and dynasty in the frightful war, were left unrewarded, unnoticed, the object of further oppression of the reichsrath, the congress at Vienna, and the Emperor's cabinet. Yea, in place of deeds of gratitude for all they had suffered and done for the empire, a severe persecution was started in 1868 all over Bohemia, the aim of which was the suppression of the patriotic movement, the strangling of our voice, that demanded right and justice for our people. Editors of political papers were imprisoned; many better known and outspoken patriots, without regard to sect, shared the same fate. Heavy fines were extorted and many families brought to ruin, among them the family of my deceased wife who, at the age of eighteen, on suspicion of high treason, was kept for ten long weeks in a dungeon at Prague. After that she was released for lack of evidence. Think of such injustice,—yea, more, such barbarism! I have asked myself, not once but thousands of times, why must we suffer so much for nature's gift—God's gift—our nationality? Why is it that the love of it, fostered and praised among all independent nations, alone with us is a crime, a sin?

In 1871, after the issue of the Emperor's rescript, which I have already mentioned, there was great and justified hope that Bohemia would get home rule as did Hungary; but the opponents of our na-

tionality, the merciless suckers upon the healthy body of our nation, the ever ready oppressors of Bohemia, again proved stronger than our sacred rights and the good will of the Emperor. Our hopes were dispelled again and we had to rely further on our own private resources, because the millions we were paying annually in taxes went to the advantage and the benefit of others. Whatever was our national progress during the following years in literature, science and art, industry, commerce and agriculture, our social life, with its thousands of organizations of different kinds, is all due in the greater and main part to our own unassisted, but rather hindered, efforts and sacrifices. Our literature embraces all branches of human knowledge and can well stand a comparison to literatures of independent and more fortunate nations. And yet it is only a few years since the Vienna government graciously admitted our language to the University of Prague, with about the same rights as the German language had exclusively enjoyed ever before. This concession to our nationality immediately proved very beneficial to our intellectual progress. People unacquainted with such conditions, not knowing suppression and subjugation, the dependence in almost everything on those who do oppress and extort, can hardly imagine the true features of such a life. It is sad! It is painful!

Although the conditions of our national life are now incomparably better than they used to be, mainly through our own private efforts, yet there are many great wrongs left, under which our people suffer,—wrongs so great, so gross, that should they last much longer, all our resources will be exhausted and our national existence endangered. Our language is as yet in many respects a servant in its own old home, notwithstanding the fact that 3,645,086 Czechs and only 2,158,872 Germans are living in Bohemia. The proportion in Moravia is more favorable to the Czechs, yet there the disregard for our



language is still greater. The governmental management of schools, and especially the location and division of them in both countries, is so calculated that the Germanization of our children is inevitable where every effort is not exerted to oppose it. To prevent this we are compelled to start and support Bohemian private schools from a fund of subscribed contributions, raised from all classes of our society. Even the poor joyfully contribute to the beloved national cause.

The electoral machinery—it cannot be called franchise—is an iniquity in itself, by which our diet is filled with representatives whose powers are about as extensive as those of our county supervisors or commissioners. The electoral machinery is merely a caricature of a representative system. It is so arranged that the nobles and high dignitaries of church have about as many representatives as the whole agricultural population of the land, and the electoral districts are so divided that the Czechs, with their sixty-three per cent of population, against thirty-seven of the Germans, are always in a minority whenever deserted by the nobles of historical fame, as they call themselves, which instance very often happens. These nobles are Czechs mainly by interest, and not by heart; and, being extreme conservatives, do not agree with the liberal party of Czechs, called young Czechs, which is of late years the predominant party in our country. All attempts heretofore to change this iniquity of the electoral system into a more reasonable and just one have failed. The young Czech party is in favor of universal franchise, such as we enjoy in this more fortunate country.

There are some other wrongs of this nature the Bohemians are suffering from, but the greatest and most dangerous of all is the division of taxes among the countries comprising Austro-Hungary. The Bohemian countries, or crown lands, as they are called, are contributing in direct and indirect taxes toward the upholding of the rank of the empire as a first-class power, *one hundred and seventy-*

*eight millions* of florins annually. One florin is about forty cents. Of this vast amount only sixty millions are expended for the management of the government in Bohemian countries, and the balancing one hundred and twelve millions are used up elsewhere, either to cover general expenses of the government or to be expended in improvements of Vienna and other favorite cities or countries. This is a terrible drain upon the financial resources of our people who, beside this, must pay in special taxes for all internal improvements and the support of its diverse public institutions.

Poor people! They are breaking down under this awful burden of unjust taxation. And unjust it is, as unjust as men could make it. Behold! Hungary, with its rich soil and many valuable natural resources, being three times as large as the combined countries of Bohemia, and having twice as large a population, that is seventeen millions to our eight, is contributing to the general fund of the empire only sixty-one against our one hundred and seventy-eight millions of florins! Carrying such burdens for the benefit of others, is there any wonder that our people are getting poorer and poorer every year? Is it any wonder that our debts are growing larger and larger?

Somebody has compared us to the Irish. It is a true comparison. We were not as totally deprived of our lands as were the Irish, but the half of it which was left to us is under mortgage; the result of the oppression of our nationality and of the terrible burden of unjust taxation. In the kingdom of Bohemia alone, excluding Moravia and Silesia, we are paying fifty millions of florins annually in interest upon the mortgaged debts. And we are by no means a lazy people, nor are we spendthrifts. From sunrise till sunset, yea, even earlier and later, our people are working and saving, only to meet the extortionate demands of the government, themselves living upon the chaff and straw of their exertions? Is there any wonder, I ask again, that our people are discontented and dissatisfied?

Is there any wonder that we murmur, complain, protest?

What would other people do under similar circumstances? What would the good people of the State of New York do if they should be compelled by a superior power to pay their own taxes, also the taxes of Pennsylvania, that the inhabitants of that sister State could live in ease and prosper more rapidly? What would they do?—I cannot say! But every nerve of my body tells me that such an injustice would not last long, even if its mending would require the last drop of blood of the very last citizen of this commonwealth. It would not last!—But Europe is Europe, Austria is Austria, and we have to bear it in suffering and hope against hope.

In addition to all these wrongs, to make our lot still worse and our future more uncertain, the imperial cabinet preceding the present one, and known as Taaffe's cabinet, made a daring attack, with the help of Bohemian nobles and a few deluded and erring members of the old Czechs party, upon the unity of Bohemia. They started to divide it according to nationalities, under the false pretext of adjusting differences. They began without regard and without mercy to tear into pieces that old and venerable kingdom, the Czechs' dear country and their loved and precious home of fourteen centuries, only to kill our hopes for home rule forever and make it in the future an impossibility. That was too much. We Bohemians, during all those long years of subjugation and oppression, have learned how to suffer and how to bear; but this was too much,—altogether too much!

In last year's session of the diet, where this diabolical work was to be sanctioned forever, the Young Czechs party raised such a turmoil that the government thought best to give up the idea for the time, and the diet adjourned. By this act of desperate courage in a moment of greatest danger the unity of Bohemia was saved, but the whole country has to suffer for it from a new and severe persecution. Prague and its vicinity is under the ban of a state of siege and the citizens

are deprived of their civic rights. The freedom of the press is curtailed and the publication of many papers was suppressed.

The people are not allowed to meet and congregate. Many organizations and societies were dissolved by the command of the police. Patriots are tried and imprisoned at the slightest pretense, and many other hardships are entailed upon the whole population. Thus we stand at the present moment. Our future undecided and uncertain. All that we possess is our strong will to keep up our national existence; is our willingness to sacrifice everything to this sacred cause; is our unshaken hope, which has accompanied us during those long years of struggle for national life with its sweet solaces and encouragements. Everything else is in the hands of our merciless masters. We have nobody to back us,—nobody on whom to lean, except the sympathies of other nations and the belief in an Eternal Justice. Justice is guarding our cause, but sympathies are wanting. We are in need of them. The world lost sight of us during our long humiliation, and our renewed life is yet too young. We are not known. The vast public opinion is little interested in us. The great family of nations, which at some future time will deem it a sacred duty to guard over the rights and liberties even of the smallest of its members, is neglecting us, as though we were not worthy of attention and sympathy. Or are we really not worthy? I leave the answer with the reader. But if my word would be of any weight with the world, I would point to our history and say with the full force of my soul, "The Bohemian nation *is* worthy and deserving."

It is a nation of liberal character and of democratic and progressive tendencies. It is peaceful and industrious. It hates wrong and avoids it. It was the foremost among those who brought about the religious reformation, with all its blessings upon science, art, technical inventions, industrial progress and the great turn in human thought, which gave to the world more liberty and more hap-

piness. It bled freely for the cause of freedom, and went through the most severe punishment for its love of truth and liberty. It was on the verge of extinction and like a phoenix sprang into new life. From the greatest possible degradation it elevated itself, relying on its own private resources, to the rank of a first-class civilized nation,—this without any noise or alarm. It was forlorn and forgotten, and the world hardly noticed the strange phenomenon of a nation's resurrection.

Since its restoration as a nation it has given to the world quite a number of useful and deserving men, not counting those who are performing excellent service upon the field of intellectual endeavors, without being known among other nations. It has given Palacky, Tomek and others to historical science, Safarik to archæology, Purkyne to physiology, Rokytansky to pathological anatomy, Resel, the inventor of propellers, to navigation, Cermak and Brozik to the art of painting, Levy to sculpture, Smetana and Dvorak to music. Dvorak, the famous composer, is at present director of the American Conservatory of Music in New York, and busily and devotedly engaged in a difficult task,—to give America a music of her own, a national one, the same as was given to Bohemians by Smetana and himself.

In the face of all this, I do sincerely believe, no one can justifiably assert that our nation is not worthy of the attention and sympathy of others. That it is not accorded us more generally at present, the fault lies more with us than with others. We did not try hard enough to introduce ourselves to the world in general. It is the Slavonic character that makes our people rather too modest and unostentatious, and the long oppression made them even more so. They became too much accustomed to their abandonment and deeply convinced that their cause could not awaken an interest in others.

Such is the curse of every oppression. It robs the human soul of all belief in the sympathies of other people. But this, too, I hope will be different in the near

future. The world will get acquainted with us, as it was in former centuries. It will learn to know us and to love us. It will have to respect us for our great merits in the past, our great sufferings, and our great efforts at the present time to live and to be useful to ourselves and to mankind.

We Bohemian-Americans, mindful of a duty we owe our mother country and her children, are publishing a monthly paper in the English language, called *The Bohemian Voice*, and our Bohemian-American National Committee was instrumental in publishing a Bohemian history in the English language, from the pen of R. H. Vickers, which was recently published at Chicago by Chas. Sergell & Co. That, of course, is only an insignificant effort in this direction. But if the daily papers of this country, the large and influential papers of the United States, would pay more attention to our endeavors and struggles, adding here and there a word of sympathy, it would be productive of great good and influence with the papers of Europe, not hostile to us by interest. In this way a powerful movement could be set in motion toward universal sympathy for the old brave Czechs, which, in these advanced times, must exert a favorable effect with the final settlement of our question in Austria.

Would that the first beneficent expressions of sympathy for our liberty-seeking nation might come from the Land of the Free! The Bohemians are a grateful people. In my vision I already see our good genius traversing the endless universe in search of the brightest star for the adornment of American Liberty, in heart-felt gratitude for all that these great people have done toward the final success of our cause,—at which success, when once achieved, even our opponents will rejoice. It will be a victory of justice which can do no one harm, but must prove a general blessing.

[Since this paper was written, the state of siege in Prague and vicinity, after lasting two long and sorrowful years, has been abolished. Also the publication of *The Bohemian Voice* has been discontinued, but it is hoped only temporarily.—THE AUTHOR.]

## HOME THEMES.

### HINTS FOR HOME DECORATIONS.

BY CARRIE MAY ASHTON.

**H**OW MANY houses we see that are gloomy and unpleasant in their present furnishings but only need the touches of some clever woman to transform them into homes of beauty and artistic grace!

An old-fashioned house which has lately been refurnished is "a thing of beauty." The large, pleasant sitting-room has the walls tinted a pretty shade of blue. The woodwork is white and the floor is painted a soft gray. A large Japanese rug, whose predominating color is a dull, rich blue, occupies the center of the floor. Across one corner is a writing desk, while a comfortable divan, piled high with cushions of various sizes and styles occupies a deep window. The cover for divan and several pillows is a pretty shade of blue art denim outlined in white Roman floss. A number of good pictures hang on the walls. The curtains are of dotted mull. An oak book-case holds the books belonging to the young couple who occupy this cozy home. A large easy chair and two rattan ones (two rockers and one low one) complete the furnishings of this simple but attractive room.

A very unique cozy corner was arranged by the clever housewife at the head of the first flight of stairs and the bottom of the second. It was originally a most unsightly place and it was truly a perplexing problem to know what to do with it. The only redeeming feature was a large, deep window, across the top of which was fastened a piece of Japanese fretwork. From a slender brass rod were hung curtains of filmy lace which fell full to the floor. Inside were draperies of rich, red denim, effectively outlined in black Asiatic etching silk. A large window-seat was fitted to the niche and covered with red denim to match the draperies. Five large pillows, with red covers, some ruffled and others puffed, embroidered in Boston art silk, helped to make this an ideal resting place.

Near the window-seat stands a small table, on which is a large reading lamp,—which sheds a soft, mellow light through its red shade,—a work basket, and the latest magazines. The floor in this nook is covered with red ingrain filling, which can be obtained at any carpet store.

Japanese matting and Japanese rugs are said to be crowding out the American weave of carpets, much to the annoyance of our American manufacturers.

In buying curtains it is well to avoid all coarse Nottingham lace for, even in its best days, it has the appearance of cheapness and shoddiness. Unless the best quality of Nottingham or other laces can be afforded it is well to purchase dotted lace or mull, scrim, pretty cheese-cloth, either plain or figured, in the best weaves, or some other simple but dainty fabric which does not pretend to be what it is not. There are many new curtain fabrics now on the market which are simple and effective, as well as inexpensive, and can be easily laundered.

Very pretty bedroom hangings are of fine white or creamy linen, hem-stitched and embroidered in some pleasing floral design in Asiatic filo floss, which corresponds with the other furnishings of the room.

How to hide an open fireplace during the months when it is too warm to have a fire in it is indeed a troublesome question to solve. A pretty screen may be made to fit the space and ornamented with either embroidery or painting, which would combine the qualities of use and beauty. The most effective way of utilizing the open fireplace during the summer and early fall months is to fill it with potted ferns, palms or other greens. This has the effect of a curtain of feathery green, which is most refreshing and restful on a hot summer day. Ives or other trailing vines might be trained so as to form a network of green.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has been too long abroad and latterly too much among books, too little among real, live men, women and children. Instead of drawing from the inexhaustible storehouse of her own extended experience and observation, she has gone back to the days of Queen Anne for material for a novel—to be named “A Lady of Quality.” The advance notices kindly inform us that the dialogue in the story will be in the language of the Queen Anne period!

\* \* \*

IN HIS “Glance Backward” over the past fifteen years, Mr. Francis Edmund Lester (in *The Critic*, January 18) goes so far as to admit that, since his review of five years ago, a distinctively Western school has placed itself by the side of the New England and the Southern school of literature. Mr. Lester finds this school of five-year-olds “perhaps” most creditably represented by Henry B. Fuller, “who has also given us some noteworthy bits of work in a *genre* whose dainty grace and exquisite refinement of phrase are quite foreign to the daily life of the growing Chicago.” With this skimpy allusion to the Western school and this fling at the metropolis of the Middle-West, this writer goes back to his favorite English authors and his pet aversions on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Lester should read a few books written by members of the Western school who are too vigorous to be at all times dainty. He should take his life in his hand and make a trip out west, at least as far as Chicago.

\* \* \*

“AN AGE on ages telling!” Discoveries and inventions come to one’s knowledge so fast as to be confusing. Before the unscientific world has come to even know the meaning of all this talk about Roentgen’s discovery and Edison’s practical application of the find, the scientific world is aroused to the highest pitch of

expectancy, and surgery and mechanics are separately preparing to make giant strides by aid of the new light,—not thrown upon surfaces but penetrating the very substance of physical bodies. The press is daily giving us authentic tales which match the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments of our childhood. The wonders of Aladdin’s lamp are scarcely more marvelous than are those which the cathode rays are revealing. On the same page of a daily before us we read of Dr. Simon’s success in photographing his own brain by means of a process in which the cathode ray is not a factor, and of Inventor Edison’s chance discovery of a process for hardening aluminum, thus combining strength with lightness, a discovery which promises to revolutionize the manufacture of motors, from cycles to ocean steamers. The practical application of Roentgen’s discovery to machinery will prevent the recurrence of such an accident as that which a few years ago jeopardized the lives of hundreds of passengers on the Cunard steamer “Umbria.” Applied to the human body, a hundred secrets which have baffled the skill of physicians and surgeons must stand revealed, to the saving and prolonging of human life.

\* \* \*

“AMBER” is dead. “The Queen of Bohemia” has taken her place “with kings, . . . and hoary seers of ages past.” How misleading are epithets! To the unknowing this acknowledged queen of the new Bohemia, whose capital city is Chicago, was a woman of rare personal beauty, with a genius for dressing attractively and with conversational powers developed to a degree of brilliancy realizing the traditions of Mme. Neckar and her marvelous daughter, Mme. de Stael. But how different the facts! Martha Evarts Holden was a woman of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Her face was not beautiful except to those



who had come to know her. Her outward adorning was sufficiently plain to have gratified even the ascetic Paul. Her conversation was not aggressively brilliant. She was a rare listener. Her

support, she took up journalism, not as a fad or fancy, but as a means of earning bread. Little that she wrote will live in literature; but, perhaps better than that, the sweet influence of everything she



MARTHA EVARTS HOLDEN.

quiet, undemonstrative manner inclined others to listen when she spoke. Her modestly expressed opinions were remembered afterwards as the conclusion of the whole matter. Her home life was humble and heroic. Left alone and poor, and with children dependent on her for

wrote has been crystallized into character, perhaps unconsciously to those affected by her heartfelt words. To the poor, the sick, the discouraged, the love-lorn, the ambitious, the rovers, the home-keepers,—to all young minds and hearts, she had the word that needed to be said,



—the word that had been said before and will be said again, but needed to be said by her in her strong, sympathetic, womanly way.

\* \* \*

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, president of Harvard University, is evidently not at all well. Nothing agrees with him. He leads off in the January *Forum* with the sorriest all-around wail that has fallen from the lips of mortal man since the prophet of Babylon's destruction was accorded a hearing. He finds the times are badly out of joint and nobody but himself able to set them right—and he otherwise engaged! He finds that in this country ignorance is on the increase and over-confidence, based on ignorance, is deplorably prevalent. He questions whether, in the next century, "civilization can maintain itself and make advance against the pressure of ignorant and barbaric multitudes.... The signs are dubious." He finds that his countrymen are unmannerly—even rude; that our children are not well trained at home; that our inter-collegiate athletic contests are all wrong, falling "little short of a national disgrace." He finds only two American newspapers which are run to his liking, the New York *Evening Post* and the Springfield *Republican*. He finds our politics are hopelessly corrupt, our congress a body of mediocre men. He concludes by condemning congress for carrying a chip on its shoulder. He solemnly warns us that whatever England does should be regarded as all right; for isn't England our mother country, and isn't she strong enough to take her unruly Jonathan across her knee at any time? But, not content with this overflow of censure and complaint, President Norton must add a note saying, "The foregoing article was written before the issue of President Cleveland's astounding message respecting the Venezuelan dispute." This message and the popular reception of it afford President Norton the worst bad example he has yet found! He adds, "The harm done by the deflection of the President and of the Secretary of State

from the path of good sense and national dignity is irreparable, even though (and this is uncertain) the worst consequences which might naturally result from it be escaped."

What's to be done with this man! As a mild remedy for his ailment it might be well to prescribe for him a copy of the Queen's speech, wherein the utmost respect is accorded the American position and policy and the course of the President is commended as helpful to the solution of the boundary question. This treatment should be followed by a long vacation spent abroad, where everything is as it should be!

\* \* \*

EDGAR FAWCETT declares "we are in the twilight of our American novelists," and pathetically asks, "Will night follow, or another morning?" He for one firmly believes morning is coming. But Mr. Fawcett may have been unduly set up by that thousand dollar prize he recently won in the *Herald* competition. Mr. Fawcett deeply feels the overshadowing popularity of the English school of novelists. He consoles himself with the reflection that (as regards loyalty to their writers, painters and sculptors) Americans are "the most hot-and-cold, fast and loose, whimsical, freakish, and generally unpatriotic ever yet known." While this sort of talk is ill-tempered and extravagant, it is founded upon a great big fact. The issuance of a new novel by Zola is an event in Paris. In London when a second-rate journalist, turned bookmaker, Stanley Weyman for instance, grinds out another amplification of some chapter of French history, his book is the talk of the hour. Mr. Fawcett and others in New York, and Messrs. Garland, Fuller, Chatfield-Taylor, Opie Ried and the rest in Chicago, put their work upon the market from time to time only to find it overshadowed by the inferior work of London bookmakers. Home publishers are confronted by the insistence of the booksellers that their patrons want "the very latest English novel." As a bookseller said in our hearing recently, "I can sell

anything English, good, bad or indifferent." We, the people, we who prate about protection of home industries, have a way of enriching English authors and publishers at the expense of literature and the bookmaking industry in America.

\* \* \*

How little the wisest man knows outside his own little world! Set the wisest statesman down in a convention of tile-makers and bid him open a discussion on drying clay wares by the hot floor system, or the sooting of down-draft kilns and how to prevent it, or how to prevent or best remove lime formations in boilers, and he will have to confess himself a mere child in the presence of those practical clay workers who have come together to swap experiences. A learned divine, on his way to our State Capital last fall, opened conversation with an uncouth, dead-eyed, open-mouthed lad, who was on his way to the State Fair. He asked the boy how far he had progressed with his schooling. The boy frankly admitted that, aside from a very few terms in winter, he "hadn't had no schoolin'." The minister kindly warned the boy against the sin of ignorance. But the boy's eyes and mind were intent upon the cornfields along the way. Finally, breaking in on the preacher's discourse, he put this conundrum: "Say, d'you know what's the matter with that stand o' corn?" The preacher frankly answered, "No." The lad then called the preacher's attention to another field that he said was the best he had seen since he left home. He then began to explain, going way back to the beginning of the season, and carrying the work on through the summer till all was done that could be done. He contrasted the two fields, convincing the preacher that, after all, the most potent factor on a farm is the farmer himself. As they neared their journey's end, the preacher said, "You're a better educated lad than I at first supposed. All you need is to broaden out your education a little." The boy's dull eye

brightened and his face lighted up with a smile, as he replied, "You're right; it won't hurt the best of us to know somethin' about what's goin' on around us."

#### AMONG THE PERIODICALS.

The *Literary Digest* finds Science to be under the spell of big words.

The *Literary World* condemns Julian Hawthorne's ten thousand dollar prize story as very bad. In its opinion the judges were fair but didn't know any better.

The London *Saturday Review* styles the new poet laureate "an estimable little bardling" and declares that Salisbury in appointing Mr. Austin "fitted the fool's cap on his own head." It adds that Tennyson held the position of poet laureate unwillingly and hoped it might lapse.

The success of the *Chap Book* and the *Black Cat* has resulted in a flood of these miniature magazines. Floods soon subside.

The *Bookman* has raised its price to 20 cents a number and \$2 00 a year—a sensible course. The reduction of any magazine below the bare cost of the paper, printing and engraving is a levy on the advertisers and the reader soon discovers that fact.

The *Directors' Round Table* fears that if the flag floats from the school house every school day it will soon become to the children a mere colored rag.

The Second Biennial Report of the Historical Department of Iowa, Charles Aldrich, Curator, is of itself a strong plea for the memorial building proposed, as it shows an unexpected wealth of material, which cannot be properly housed in present quarters; and, too, it reveals the growing possibilities of the department. The volume is illustrated with portraits, the frontispiece a fine steel-engraving of ex-Governor Larrabee.

Doctor Jankau, an eminent authority, affords qualified consolation to inveterate tobacco-smokers in a paper entitled "The Indications and Contraindications for the Use of Tobacco by the Sick and Convalescent." Guarded as is the learned physician in granting indulgences, the *Medical Record*, of New York, concludes its review of the paper with this suggestive remark: "Dr. Jankau is a rather lenient sanitarian, and we fancy he is something of a smoker himself."

## THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

"Rose of Dutcher's Coolly,"\* must remove from unbiased minds all remaining question as to Hamlin Garland's reserve power. There is in this latest novel of Mr. Garland, even more suggestion of power than was to be found in "Main Traveled Roads." Rose is by far the best heroine this artist has yet pictured—strong to the verge of masculinity, and yet in all essentials womanly, and fascinatingly beautiful in those qualities which command the admiration of women and the devotion of men. Rose is a splendidly healthy nature. The unconventional freedom of the coulé remains with her in her relations with the youth of West Siding, with the young men and women of the State University at Madison, and with the women and men of wider range with whom she gladly affiliates in Chicago. The marvel of birth and the mystery of sex are fearlessly approached by her. Thanks to the good sense of her father, her desire to know of these mysteries is gratified, not rebuked nor evaded. Fortified by knowledge thus early obtained, she goes forth into the world with virtue invincible. The influence of an ideal, preserving this splendid woman from the life mistake which not infrequently follows a moment's unchecked tenderness, is presented with an insight and a frankness too rarely found in novels. There are, however, certain humiliating experiences in the girl's school life which might well have been omitted. A realist may be none the less a realist and yet reject much material that comes to his hand.

There is purpose in this novel; but it is suggested, not forced. It is made subordinate to the author's artistic sense. In this connection, one is led to contrast the theoretical realism of the author of "Crumbling Idols" with the poetic idealism of this, its author's latest and best work, and is forced to conclude that the war between the realists and the idealists, so called, is chiefly a wordy contention, part of the time between the impressionists and the moralizers, and most of the time between writers who limit themselves to describing what they themselves have seen and known and felt, and those who write about things of which they know nothing, save at second or third hand.

No one can read Rose's impressions of Chicago and not see in that vast aggrega-

tion of humanity a new significance. No one can see that pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night which hangs over the city, without feeling a powerful uplift. Chicago will never be the same to the reader after having seen the city with this poet-novelist's eyes. So, too, the country schoolhouse, the picnic in the woods, with that first stir of passion, sweet and wild and innocent as the first coquettish love note of the thrush, and the country girl's first circus, her new life in the university, the unfolding of her powers and with it her ambitions, the baffled hopes, the temptations, the triumphs of city life, the entrance of love into that life, the glad return of the city girl to her "Pappa John," the joy of the lovers with its background of sadness,—that pathetic picture of the old father watching his bees and in tears at the irrevocable loss of his daughter from his life,—all are pictured with a strength of outline and a realistic touch which proclaim its author a great novelist. There is a suggestion of Mrs. Jones' "Beatrice" in the earlier portions of the story—in the elemental strength of Rose's character; but the situations and experiences are so different that one soon perceives that Rose in her sphere is quite as original as Beatrice in hers.

There is in most of us a good bit of the old insistence that lovers shall be ideal; and so when one reads the qualified proposal of marriage which Mason makes to Rose, the reader resents his suggestion of a possible change in his feelings and his provision of a way of escape for himself. Had he only insisted that Rose should be free at any time she might find his love waning, he would have seemed worthier of the grand woman whose love he had won. But, alas! lovers are rarely, if ever, ideal, and so we must console ourselves with the assurance which Rose's noble nature gives that her abnormally self-suspecting lover will surely never love her less. Rose is a noble woman, artistically pictured amid surroundings as real as those all about us, and those surroundings take on new dignity because a grand woman has lived and moved and had her being among them.

All who knew and loved the man and found soul in his verse will take up the little book of "Last Poems by James Russell Lowell" \* with something of the awe with which one opens a last letter

\*Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

\*Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

from some dear friend, departed. The critic may coldly say, "These verses add nothing to the poet's fame." The ready answer comes, "What matter! Is not Lowell's fame already sufficiently secure? The last work of a great poet who lives to old age is not for fame; it is more for love's sake and for truth's sake. Enough for us, if in these poems we may feel 'the touch of a vanished hand.' Between the first and the last of this collection of ten short poems there are verses which Lowell's literary executor, President Norton, of Harvard, might have left out, but we are glad he gave the reader the benefit of any question he might have had. There are a few rough verses which grate upon the ear; but in every one of the ten poems there are passages which reveal the poet-soul. The one great poem and the longest in the book is the first, "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes." Its verse is full of soul and overflowing with soul suggestion. The poet takes us into "the world immense, beyond the narrow ring of sense." With him as guide we explore "the house we dwell in," and find "the secret cell where the soul's priests in hiding dwell," "the winding stair that steals aloof to chapel mysteries 'neath the roof." The poet recalls his boyish wonderment on looking in upon two goldfishes and then gives us in contrast the philosophy of his old age:

"In your pent lives, as we in ours,  
Have you surmises dim of powers,  
Of presences obscurely shown,  
Of lives a riddle to your own,  
Just on the senses' outer verge,  
Where sense-nerves into soul-nerves merge?"

"The things ye see as shadows I  
Know to be substance: tell me why  
My visions, like those haunting you,  
May not be as substantial, too."

The love which outlasts death is pictured with exquisite pathos in the poem, "On Hearing a Sonata of Beethoven Played in the Next Room." It thus concludes:

"Play on, dear girl, and many be the years  
Ere some gray-haired survivor sit like me  
And, for thy largess pay a meed of tears  
Unto another who, beyond the sea  
Of Time and Change, perhaps not sadly  
hears  
A music in this verse undreamed by  
thee!"

They who cannot quite forget the severe condemnation with which Lowell is said to have once referred to Grant will feel especially rejoiced to find that the last verse written by the poet was a tribute to that "strong, simple, silent man," "our man of men" "who helped us in our need":

"Doer of hopeless tasks which praters  
shirk,  
One of those still plain men that do the  
world's rough work."

There's enough of the boy in the average man to incline said average man to adventure. But most of us are wise enough to suspect that "home-keeping hearts are happiest," and to take our adventures by proxy, that is, through the medium of books and magazines. The man who can read such a book as "A Son of the Plains,"\* by Arthur Patterson, without a thrill of boyish excitement can have no youth left in his soul—poor man! This book is a realistic novel of love and adventure in the far Southwest. After reading it you feel you yourself have traversed the Santa Fé trail, have eaten and drank and slept with the herders, have fought the Arapahoes, have taken a star part in rescuing the girls, and are dangerously near falling in love with one of them, if not with both. If one should sit down to pick flaws with "A Son of the Plains," he would probably succeed; but what would be the good of it! Why not, rather, sit down to enjoy a bit of real outdoor life in the dry and electric atmosphere of New Mexico, amid the crackling of guns that can't hurt us, and with just enough uncertainty as to the state of Mazie's heart and Bel's mind to keep one on the *qui vive* continually! Nat's encounter with the road agent, his adventure in the God-forsaken town of Amenta, and his rescue of Mazie from "Nan's Place," his encounter with Sandy Rathlee, and the happy union which ends the story, all together give the reader a tale to make him forget his present ills and the sameness of his daily task in the boyish exhilaration of love and adventure.

Traveling up and down the world, one now and then meets some stranger whose mental power and erudition are simply overpowering, and the wonder is how it has happened that such an one has not come into his own, has not been given the full recognition to which his ability and attainments would seem to entitle him. In some such bewilderment do we approach the remarkable book entitled "Etidorhpa, The End of Earth; the Strange History of a Mysterious Being and the Account of a Remarkable Journey as Communicated in Manuscript to Llewellyn Drury, who promised to print the same, but finally evaded the responsibility, which was assumed by John Uri Lloyd."† The book is large, profusely

\*Macmillan & Co., New York, \$1.25.

†Author's edition, limited. Published by John Uri Lloyd, Cincinnati, Ohio.

illustrated, and beautifully printed on heavy calendered paper. Its presence compels respect, for behind a book so beautiful and costly one expects to find a motive and purpose of more than ordinary intensity. After reading the editor's decidedly original note to the recipients of his author's edition and his elaborate preface to the work, one is prepared to see quite through the veil of fiction and pronounce the editor of the alleged manuscript and the author of the work one and the same person. One writer feels free to romance along the history side of life, why shouldn't another along the science side? Undoubtedly thus reasoned John Uri Lloyd. Evidently possessed of rare capabilities and opportunities for pursuing his work, the writer of this book has drawn extensively from nature's laboratories, has pressed the sciences into his service and has had frequent recourse to the occultism of the East Indian school of philosophy. The story itself is easily surmised after reading the lengthy title. Llewellyn Drury is visited by an old man who appears and disappears without the opening of doors, and his visitor reads to him a manuscript which narrates its author's strange adventures underground, in caverns vast, among strange creatures of a subterranean world, in enchanted forests of fungi, and upon the waters of a marvelous lake. The mysteries of nature are there revealed,—the cause of volcanoes is discovered, the central point, at which gravitation ceases, is attained,—on, on, until, after many temptations and perils, the end of the earth is reached. In this pilgrim's progress, the pilgrim finally beholds Etidorhpa, "the Soul of Love Supreme, the antithesis of envy, the opposite of malice, the enemy of sorrow, the mistress of life, the queen of immortal bliss." The description of this being is as poetical as is the preceding dialogue between the old man and his guide prosaic: "Crush the colors of the rainbow into a single hue possessed of the attributes of all the others, and multiply that entity to infinity, and you have less richness than rested in any of the complex colors shown in the trimming of her raiment. Lighten the softness of eiderdown a thousand times, and yet maintain its sense of substance, and you have not conceived of the softness of the gauze that decked her simple flowing garments. Gather the shadows cast by a troop of radiant angels, then sprinkle the resultant shade with star dust, and color therewith a garment brighter than satin, softer than silk and more ethereal than light itself, and you have less beauty than reposed in the

modest dress that enveloped her figure. .... She stood before me, slender, lithe, symmetrical, radiant!" The purpose running through the book seems (we use the word "seems" because the real and the fanciful are so deftly run together that everything seems real) a preparation of the mind for the great fact which Hamlet voices, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy; and, too, a presentation of the anti-materialistic view of nature and science, a view which, instead of explaining everything by formula, presents every form of matter as a marvel, every fact as stranger than fiction, and things visible as "but verses in God's wonder book."

Readers of THE MIDLAND have enjoyed the verse of Clarence Hawkes, but few know aught of the poet's personality. He is 27 years old, and lives in Hadley, Massachusetts. Though totally blind and otherwise afflicted, he writes poetry, as he says, "not for wealth," "or e'en for fame,"—

"But for the joy of feeling and of living  
All that I say, and for the joy of giving."

His book of poems, "Pebbles and Shells,"\* reveals varied gifts, but the greatest of these is an ability to see with the mind's eye the beauties and to interpret with the poet's clearness the secrets of nature. So complete are the pictures presented that the accompanying engravings seem almost impertinent. Among the "Pebbles" none are prettier than "The Hangbird's Nest," first published in THE MIDLAND. The poems that preach are many of them full of suggestion, for instance,—

"Along life's walk the shadows fall  
Because the world is full of light;  
And if the world were not so bright  
The shadows would not come at all."

And thus,—

"If e'en one star in heaven fails to shine  
The earth is darker for that loss of light;  
If thou canst laugh and smile in sorrow's  
night,  
The earth is brighter for that smile of  
thine."

A western verse-maker recently wrote the editor, ironically thanking him for his "encouragement to western writers," because of words of praise withheld from a book the receipt of which had been acknowledged without comment. Our inference is that, in this man's mind, THE MIDLAND is under an implied obligation to act as a literary promoter of western writers because they are western, without

\*Picturesque Publishing Co., Northampton, Mass.



regard to the relative value of their work. Before us lies an elegantly printed little book entitled, "Western Airs; Choice Selections from the Miscellaneous Poems of Abel Beach, Iowa City, Iowa (An Early Pioneer)."<sup>\*</sup> Now the Hon. Abel Beach is one of the best men in Iowa. He was early elected Professor of Greek and Latin in the State University and has since held several positions of honor and trust. While in college he achieved distinction as a scholar and was one of the founders of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity. Much more might be said of Mr. Beach as a man and a citizen, but that is not to the point. The point is that, eager as we were to find real poetry in his "Western Airs," our laborious research proved unavailing—and why should we not say so? The verses entitled "Iowa" (dedicated to the pioneers of Johnson County), which are accorded the place of honor in the book, thus conclude:

"To the pilgrims of this favored county we give  
All honor and gratitude long as they live,  
In the 'Athens of Iowa' ever we'll pray  
That long years and good times and bright  
skies cheer their day,—  
And the praises of Iowa sung."

"Fragrant Flowers of Truth"<sup>†</sup> is a thoughtful, helpful work—especially helpful to preachers. It is by Rev. R. Venting, author of several books on Christian life and work, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. C. H. Strickland. These "flowers" are gathered from a wide range of reading, experience and observation, and that they are fragrant of truth is evident on every page.

Lovers of good books to whom tree-calf, or even muslin covers are not an absolute necessity, and to whom first editions are an impossibility, ought to make up to MacMillan's Novelists' Library; Think of "Sant' Ilario," or "Marcella," or the latest to come to our table, Crawford's "Tale of a Lonely Parish," for fifty cents—and elegantly printed on good paper, too! The first year's Library began last April, and the book before us is the issue for February.

"Sins Absolved; a Romance,"<sup>‡</sup> by Dr. J. R. Gorrell, is an odd mixture of love, war, and religion. It is a story with a purpose so prominent that the reader feels like moving "a division of the question." The author's religious views are liberal. Twenty years ago they would have been regarded as decidedly

unorthodox. His views on love are eminently orthodox. His war pictures are from the memory of one who was there.

Another book which takes the reader out of the beaten tracks is "Alathiasis, or Principles of Christian Hygiene," by Liston McMillan.\* The work is "a study of scriptural healing and a medico-legal view of Christianity." It regards the secret of the power of infinitesimal doses of aconite or morphine as "simply God working in and through the given remedy." The author says: "If He is so beneficent as to impart to an atom such dominion over pain and disease, why not directly apply to that Mercy, in proper cases?" Just why the author added the words, "in proper cases" is past finding out. Why not go over entirely to the Christian Scientists, not go to remedies first, and then to God "when all human resource fails." The body of the book is devoted to soul treatment, the last 132 pages to supplemental memoranda of the theory and practice of medicine by the author's father, the late Dr. B. F. McMillan. The book and its supplement recall the old military maxim, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

#### TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

I call your attention to this attempt at rhyme, by James Whitecomb Riley in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*:

"Fearful still you may rebel,  
High and heavenly oracle!"

You kindly criticised my rhyming and suggested some excellent changes; but will you please tell me (1) if there was in my verse as originally written any attempt at rhyme quite as atrocious as this of Riley's? Tell me, also, (2) isn't Riley a great poet.

1. No. 2. Yes.—In other words poets are not, as the theologians say, plenary inspired. If you are wise you will study the poets, not to find extenuation for your own shortcomings, but to find wherein they are great and to find inspiration for higher thinking.

Which finish produces the best effects in half-tone engraving, the new soft finish or the old style, highly burnished finish?

We recently sent our engraver two photographs of the same person to select from, one with the soft finish, the other with the highly burnished surface, and he chose the latter, stating that the burnished surface gives the best effects.

The sketch sent you was copied in haste.

It should not have been. In literature, haste is unpardonable.

Please tell me if it is useless to send any more verses!

Yes, unless you send better verses.

\*Nicholson & Wilson, Oskaloosa.

\*The Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo.

†Henry A. Cook, publisher, Denison, Iowa.

‡Macmillan & Co., New York; \$5.50 a year, 50 cents a month.

§The Kenyon Printing Co., Des Moines.



